

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
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Hearthstone



- **It's Fun to Be a Parent!—Martha and George Oliver Taylor**
- **Mom, Dad, and Your Other Life—Jody Jackson**

JULY, 1957 — 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Cover photo by Eva Luoma

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication	The American Baptist Publication Society
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Beaumont and Pine Boulevard	1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri	
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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Underneath the Burnt Part

When you toast a marshmallow over a flame, it sometimes gets "burnt to a crisp" on the outside (if you're not careful). The inside, however, is delightfully gooey, a sweet, toothsome, very palatable confection which would tantalize the tastebuds of Lucullus himself.

Forgive me if I sound facetious when I say that many people are like burnt marshmallows. They appear to be dour, grim, and joyless, yet underneath they are kind and tenderhearted. There are numerous reasons why people are afraid to expose their beneficent feelings; but one reason seems to be that it is "weak" or "sissy" to be kindhearted and "manly" to appear gruff and rough. Unfortunately, we are prone to judge people by outward appearances alone. The next time you meet an unpromising looking individual, look underneath the "burnt part." You might discover a truly fine person.

What's Here? Our modern society has given birth to the problem of "mixed" marriages. *Hearthstone* urges all young people, but especially those who are either engaged to or "going steady" with a person of a different religious faith, to read "Mixed Marriages Mean Mixed-Up People and Homes," by Robert W. Burns. Included in this article is the Ante-Nuptial Agreement of the Catholic church.

Jimmy tracks mud all over your just-scrubbed kitchen floor. At supper you discover that Sally poured a box of salt into the tapioca which you had fixed for dessert. Then you see our study article, "It's Fun to Be a Parent," and you're positive that the authors (Martha and George Oliver Taylor) must have parted with a few marbles—or else they never had any children of their own. But they did have children (now grown), and they feel that the pleasure which the children gave them overshadowed any unpleasantities. This article will be very helpful to you and your study group.

Be sure to read the last part of "Common-Sense Therapy for Parents," by Mary Edith Barron.

In "Mom, Dad, and Your Other Life," by Jody Jackson, a college-age boy gives advice to his young teen-age sister on how to get along with parents. Recommended reading for teen-agers and "tween-agers."

What's Coming? "Apron-String Parents"; "Why Do Youth and Adults Clash?"; "So You Are Going to Move!"; "Youngsters Always Underfoot?"; and others.

Till next month,

S. W.

Mixed Marriages

Mean Mixed-up People and Homes

by Robert W. Burns

High school and college-age young people should read this article and think very seriously about the points that the author makes.

"Is it O.K. for a Protestant to marry a Roman Catholic?" is the way that John asked the question that expresses one part of this problem. He was a high school senior from a devout Baptist family, in love with another student in the same school, whose parents were equally devoted to the Roman Catholic church.

Dr. Clifford R. Adams, professor of psychology at Pennsylvania State College, has studied the causes of marital unhappiness. Next to "emotional immaturity of either or both husband and wife" he lists as most prevalent, "general incompatibility resulting from difference in religion, age, intelligence, education, interest, or unlike standards and ideals." Several years ago *Look Magazine* had a series of articles on "Reasons for Increased Divorce in America." The third reason out of the ten listed was, "religious difference."

In one study, 12,000 young people reported on the church membership of their parents and the success of their homes. Those whose parents were members of different churches reported two-and one-fourth times as many broken homes as youth whose parents were both Protestant and two and one-third times as many broken homes as those in which both parents were Roman Catholic. The percentages were these: When both parents were Protestant, 6.8 per cent of homes were broken by divorce, desertion, or separation. When both were Roman Catholic, 6.4 per cent were similarly broken. Of mixed marriages 15.2 per cent were broken. When there was no church membership at all, even more families had failed, 16.7 per cent. Since the figures were gathered from children, childless marriages were excluded. If they had not been, the percentage of failures would have been much higher.



Dr. M. H. Leiffer, of Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois, studied 743 mixed marriages which were still functioning and discovered that the method most used to solve their differences was for one or both partners to give up altogether any active church membership. The children so reared largely have no church loyalty.

Three large studies that have been made arrive independently at the conclusion that divorce or separation is two and a half times greater in mixed marriages than in marriages where both partners are of the same faith. Even in marriages that do not break up, my experience has shown that disagreement on religion is a frequent cause of unhappiness.

You stand a much better chance of having a happy home and rearing wholesome, normal children if you choose a life partner whose spiritual training is similar to your own.

Why Are Mixed Marriages Often Failures?

1. *The most frequent cause of trouble is in rearing the children.* For either parent to see a child trained in an alien faith can cause deep distress. Usually, the child receives instruction of which the parent greatly disapproves. Friendships with other children of that faith tend to intensify the child's loyalty to that church and to exclude the parent who is not a member. The close family ties which are enjoyed by those whose religious loyalties are united are impossible under such circumstances.

2. Another source of failure in mixed marriages is *the inevitable conflicts about time and money*. Often the hours of meetings will be set at the same time, to the inconvenience of one or the other. Both churches will ask for financial support, and a husband and wife may disagree over how much each church is to receive.
3. Next in importance as a source of dissension is *the wide and deep differences in habits of living*. Many loyal Jews have strict dietary regulations that are not practiced by Protestants and Roman Catholics. Most Catholics submit to the authority of their church on much more than eating fish on Friday. The Roman Catholic church does not condone the use of mechanical or chemical methods of birth control, and this can be a cause of great discord in a mixed marriage. Protestants emphasize freedom for each person. Many of these involve attitudes that affect much more than the ceremonies of religion. The clash over these makes very difficult any spiritual unity between husband and wife.

For thirty-four years I have been a Christian pastor. During the last twenty of those years thousands of couples have come to me before marriage, while married, and after their marriage had been broken. *I have never yet seen a problem or known a solution that was not basically religious*. To achieve a happy home God must be in the family. The institutions that represent this aspect of experience make a great difference.

Someone may be ready to disagree with this article because he knows of one or two exceptional couples who seem to have made a success of a mixed marriage. Dean James A. Pike, of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, calls our attention to the fallacy of the isolated illustrations about the success of mixed marriages. Anyone can readily find some couple of his acquaintance who will be an exception

to the rule. Such marriages are not ideal, however, and much that is important is lacking.

One of the writers in this field reminds us that we do not usually base our decisions on isolated instances. A few years ago Mrs. Burns and I flew from New York City to London. We might have asked the agent from whom we bought the tickets, "Is it a safe trip?" Suppose he had answered, "About one in ten planes makes it safely, but nine in ten are wrecked." I can assure you we would never have boarded such a plane and **NEITHER WOULD YOU**. It is important to know the averages that we deal with in our decisions.

The Attitude of the Roman Catholic Church

The Code of Canon Law of the Roman Catholic church frankly expresses the attitude of the leaders of that church: "Everywhere and with the greatest strictness the church forbids marriages between baptized persons, one of whom is a Catholic and the other a member of a schismatical or heretical sect (this includes all other religions); and if there is added to this the danger of the falling away of the Catholic party and the perversion of the children, such a marriage is forbidden by the divine law."

Ante-Nuptial Agreement

(to be signed by the non-Catholic party in a mixed marriage)

I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with _____, a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the understanding that the marriage band thus contracted is indissoluble, except by death. I promise on my word and honor that I will not in any way hinder or obstruct the said _____ in the exercise of _____ religion and that all children of either sex born of our marriage shall be baptized and educated in the Catholic faith and according to the leading of the

Eva Luoma



Even in the happiest marriages petty irritations arise, and mature people with similar backgrounds and interests have to make adjustments. Marrying someone of a different religious faith makes the burden of achieving a successful marriage that much more difficult.

Catholic Church, even though the said ----- should be taken away by death. I further promise that I will marry ----- only according to the marriage rite of the Catholic Church, that I will not either before or after the Catholic ceremony, present my wife ----- for marriage before a civil magistrate or minister of the gospel.

On the other side is a pledge to be signed by the Catholic party. In addition to its provision for the baptism and education in the Roman Catholic religion of any children born to the union, the Catholic party must promise to do all in his power to bring about the conversion of the non-Catholic to the Catholic faith.

This official Roman Catholic form that non-Catholics must sign is easily available in the pamphlet, "Why Not a Mixed Marriage?" by John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D., Paulist Press, New York City.

The reasons for opposition by the Catholic church to mixed marriages are easy to grasp. In the year 1922 the German Catholic Bishops in a joint pastoral letter stated that, according to their statistics, more Catholics were lost to the church annually through mixed marriages than were gained by all the missionary activity of the church. (Quoted in *People Who Intermarry*, by M. L. Barron, page 37)

The Attitude of Baptist and Christian Churches

At the International Convention of Disciples of Christ, October, 1950, in Oklahoma City this resolution was passed:

Therefore, be it resolved, that this International Convention of Disciples of Christ urge parents, ministers, and leaders of young people to provide in the home, in the church, and through the normal channels of the teaching program instruction that will help youth, before or as they arrive at the age of forming intimate friendships between the sexes, to understand and appreciate the divergent interpretations relative to marriage held by different religious bodies; and further be it resolved, that we request our young people to seek an understanding of the principles which underlie their Christian faith, to give prayerful consideration when faced with a situation where their wedding vows would entail agreements disparaging their basic Christian beliefs; and further be it resolved, that we urge our young people to stand on their rights as self-respecting Christians, and that in no event they enter into a marriage contract which places them in a position of disadvantage in their family relationship and in the training of their children.

The Baptist resolution reads thus: We are aware that there is a growing tendency for young people to take a tolerant and permissive attitude toward inter-faith marriage, as well as toward easy divorce and separation, and that many American Baptist youth are entering into marriage without adequate pre-marital counsel and spiritual guidance.

It is important, therefore, that American Baptist pastors be urged to prepare themselves for pre-marital counseling, to conduct regular, periodic courses on preparation for marriage, to become acquainted with the resources of bona fide community marriage counseling agencies, and to make it a practice to have pre-marital conference sessions before performing marriage ceremonies.

It is very important that these resolutions be given much more prominence among our members and that every effort be made to interpret it so that cheerful co-operation can be secured.

What Is a Christian Solution?

Before marriage both could re-study their spiritual convictions and the official positions of their churches. If both can find a church which expresses their deep personal faith, they can join that church, and the problem of a mixed marriage is solved. If both cannot find a common meeting ground in religion, then they should consider this failure to solve a problem as an indication that they may not be able to solve the host of other problems inevitable in every home. An equal amount of time and thought should be divided fairly between both of the churches.

There are always at least two sides to every difference of opinion. Fairness, in part, consists in a willingness to consider both sides.

A difference in church membership has possibilities of good before marriage. Such a difference can force both young people to consider seriously the relation between their home and their churches. This can be a positive gain over the casual indifference or ignoring of their religious life, which is one of the main liabilities to so many light-minded couples.

Many thoughtful young people are deeply interested in what makes marriages succeed or fail. If possible, they would like to do all that they can in advance to improve their chance for success. Let them devote the best efforts that they can to achieving a shared church membership where they can be married, whose pastor (priest or rabbi) can take an interest in them before and after the ceremony, and in whose service they can devote their time together.

If neither can join the other's church, at least both should study the two religions with equal time and effort to understand. *Before marriage* they need to arrive at a clear, mutually acceptable agreement about all controversial questions. What those questions are can be discovered in frank discussions between the two and in facing the issues together with the minister, priest, or rabbi of both religious organizations.

For those already involved in a mixed marriage the solution is more difficult but by no means impossible. They can rethink their religious loyalties with great possible gain to both. The goal of enriching their home by a shared faith should be lifted up as the major objective. For a divided home is a weaker home than a united one.

Minister's Wife

by Helen L. Renshaw



"I'm scared," said Claire Carter suddenly. "Maybe I'd look more like a proper minister's wife if I wore my plain blue hat. What if the church women don't like pink daisies?"

Illustration by Natalie Roten

"I'm scared," said Claire Carter suddenly. "Maybe I'd look more like a proper minister's wife if I wore my plain blue hat. What if the church women don't like pink daisies?"

Gordon Carter grinned over her shoulder and adjusted his tie in the mirror. "I'm not awfully good about knowing what the women will like. I guess that'll be your job," he said. "But I know I love very much what I see beneath those pink daisies."

Claire flung her husband a grateful smile, and he held for her the black moire coat that matched her dress. "You've already been looked over and approved," she reminded him. "This is my first appearance. I hope I don't drop my teacup."

He stooped and kissed her lightly. "They'll wonder how I rated such a wonderful wife. You'll see."

Together, they walked from their small house next to the neat brick church, noticing fresh new leaves on the lilac bush and crisp yellow daffodil buds that gave the promise of an early spring.

The sun shone warmly on their shoulders, and Claire slipped her hand into Gordon's. "No matter what," she said earnestly. "I'll never do anything to hurt your chances here. I know how important it is to you."

He squeezed her hand reassuringly, and Claire wondered, looking sideways at his nice profile, how anyone could help liking him. He would make such a wonderful minister. He had graduated with top honors, the most promising in his class. No one would ever find him short on ability or the earnest desire to guide his people along the right paths.

She realized that her little sense of fear was for herself, not for Gordon. Whether you like it or not, she thought grimly, you are under scrutiny. The kind of woman you are can very well make or break your husband's career. A minister's wife should be gregarious without being gabby, take an active part in church affairs without getting involved in em-



Mrs. Wingard

Mrs. Allen

barrassing controversy. She should be a splendid hostess, a friendly neighbor, tactful, and discreet. She should look attractive and stylish without being extreme or extravagant. Claire sighed and determinedly squared her slender shoulders.

The next morning, thinking back over the affair for the new minister and his wife at Amelia Wingard's, Claire decided that most of her anxiety had been unnecessary. Just as Gordon had predicted, everyone was extremely cordial and had gone out of his way to be kind.

"We hope you will like us, my dear," Amelia Wingard had said warmly. She was gray-haired and had mild blue eyes and a patient set to her lips. Claire made a mental note to watch Mrs. Wingard for an example of calm moderation.

She liked little Mrs. Tillson, who had belonged to the church for thirty odd years, and Jane Kelly, the music director, who was plump and cheerful. Then there was Mrs. Allen. Claire stopped to think about Mrs. Allen. She wasn't quite like the others, though Claire couldn't define the difference. She was more smartly dressed perhaps, slim, brisk-mannered but gracious. New to the community. At times she seemed slightly removed from the others and even impatient with them. Claire sensed that Mrs. Allen held in reserve her approval or disapproval of the new minister and his wife.

Both of the Carters had looked around the crowded room, hoping to meet Mrs. Everett Crosby. The importance of Mrs. Crosby seeped into every conversation concerning church affairs. They had been told that the chimes were a memorial to the late Mr. Crosby. Mrs. Crosby had personally attended to the landscaping around the church. She arranged flowers, managed church dinners . . . she wasn't exactly wealthy, but what she had was dedicated to the church. A wonderful woman, they were told. When you need help, there's always Mrs. Crosby. Then one evening at a church committee meeting the Carters became acquainted with Mrs. Crosby.

"At last I am to meet you." Mrs. Crosby held out two firm hands. "As you know, I've been away . . . several months with my ailing sister."

Claire smiled into the piercing blue eyes, and had the uneasy feeling that Mrs. Crosby hadn't approved of the church's calling a minister while she was

away. On the walk home Claire had said casually to Gordon, "Did you . . . like Mrs. Crosby?"

"Seems very capable . . . should be a great help," he said heartily, and so she pushed aside her uneasiness.

But before many weeks passed, Claire had occasion to recall her first moments of fear. She found there were indeed times when a minister's wife must know when to refrain from speech, as well as when to speak up. More and more she became aware of the stress of human relationships in the small church.

There was the afternoon at the church women's circle meeting. Claire said, "Several of you seem to have conflicting dates on our meeting day. Could we set a better time?" Immediately, she had sensed the little rush of surprise at her words.

Into the uncomfortable silence somebody said, "Mrs. Crosby is home with a cold . . . I don't think we should go ahead without speaking to her."

Claire saw others nod agreement. But not Mrs. Allen. Her eyes questioned Claire, whose surprised stare went round the circle of women and back again to Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Allen shrugged then, but later, walking toward home, she said calmly, "There are things you couldn't possibly understand all at once. But don't let it bother you too much." Claire felt her cheeks flush, but forced a quick protest to go unsaid. For Gordon's sake she must strive to discipline herself to the meekness becoming a very new minister's wife. "Of course," she said stiffly.

Claire was surprised the next afternoon when she opened the door to Mrs. Allen.

"May I come in?"

"Of course, come in." Claire was delighted. Friendliness. This was what she had hoped for. "Do you mind the kitchen? I'm baking Gordon's favorite cinnamon rolls, and I'm really glad for an excuse to put the kettle on for tea."

Mrs. Allen settled on a stool beside the breakfast counter while Claire peeped at the rolls, filled the copper kettle, and pulled out a stool for herself.

"Claire . . . I may call you Claire?"

Claire was pleased and said so.

The visitor plunged directly into what she had come to say. "Maybe you've noticed rather an absence of the younger married women in our church circle."

Claire had noticed.

Mrs. Wheaton

Jane Kelly



Mrs. Crosby

Mrs. Tillson

"There's a reason . . . and what that is, I doubt that you know."

Claire waited, and Mrs. Allen frowned a little. "I've never been one to interfere . . . I hope you will believe that." She paused and then went on hurriedly. "But I like you . . . and your husband. And because you are young . . . well, maybe you can do something."

Claire smiled pleasantly. "I'm glad for any help . . . I really am."

"And help you'll get plenty . . . maybe too much."

Claire's brows arched.

"Mrs. Crosby runs this church," Mrs. Allen said abruptly. "She gives herself unsparingly . . . as she says, 'she does her duty.'"

Claire didn't know what to say. Certainly, she was startled.

Mrs. Allen flung wide her hands in an expressive gesture. "There now. I've said it. I only hope my burst of frankness won't stand between us."

To hide her perplexity Claire busied herself with cups and took the rolls from the oven. "I've heard, of course, that Mrs. Crosby does help a great deal in the church," she said carefully.

Mrs. Allen gave her a pitying look. "Oh, she's efficient. So terribly efficient that no one else dares try for fear he'll fall short . . . especially the young marrieds."

Claire gave a small gasp. "But I'm sure . . . Oh, I just can't believe . . ."

The visitor shrugged. "I shouldn't like my first visit to be all unpleasantness . . . please do offer me one of those delicious looking rolls before I begin to drool."

Claire laughed. "Would you be more comfortable in the front room?"

"Dear me, no. Besides, I have to eat and run . . . unforgivable but necessary."

Long after Mrs. Allen had left, Claire was troubled. The woman didn't appear to be a busybody . . . nor an alarmist. But youth was too independent and aggressive to be pushed into the background by one person. She longed to rush to Gordon with her problem, but she couldn't burden him now. A good wife was a morale builder, and he had so many responsibilities of his own just now. Besides, hadn't he said that the "ladies" must be her job? Determinedly, Claire set about solving her first church problem alone.

Crowding quickly on the Carter's arrival came the redecorating of the primary rooms. Amelia Wingard was the project chairman, but the committee members had been invited to meet at Mrs. Crosby's home.

"So much more central," Mrs. Wingard explained, but because of what lay in the back of her mind, Claire questioned the explanation. Glancing around Mrs. Crosby's pleasant room, she was pleased to see that at least a few of those present were younger women. Now, she thought, she would have a chance to see if what Mrs. Allen implied were true.

The women had no sooner been comfortably seated than young Mrs. Wheaton got up. She was a rather

too slender, blond girl, whose dark eyes seemed immense in her pale face. Claire sensed that she was embarrassed, even a little frightened, now that she had gotten to her feet, but she spoke with breathless eagerness.

"I'd like to take over the responsibility of decoration," she said. "I do hope you'll let me do this because . . . well, Bill and I want to show our gratitude for the church's help."

There was a small gasp of surprise. Was it approval or dismay? Claire wasn't certain.

Mrs. Crosby said sweetly, "My dear, we do understand. But this is too much of an undertaking. You're so young."

Jean Wheaton's face pinked painfully. "Please," she said earnestly. "I've thought about it, and I do have some wonderful ideas. Of course, I'd ask for everyone's approval on things."

Claire looked brightly round the circle of women, but only Mrs. Allen's inscrutable eyes met hers. Frantically, she searched the corners of her mind for the correct words, cleared her throat, and said, "I think we should all be very pleased with Jean's offer. She has two little girls in the primary department, which makes her interest even more personal."

The stillness of the room became unbearable. Mrs. Crosby lifted her head sharply, but she did not suppress her smile. Was she still counting on the women to back her up? Claire wondered.

Miserably conscious that her words had embarrassed these fine people who had been so kind and friendly, Claire looked from one to the other, her eyes pleading that they would find enough Christian love in their hearts to accept this expression of gratitude. For surely, they would understand that Jean Wheaton's offer was exactly that.

Then when she could bear it no longer, Mrs. Allen said in a surprisingly firm voice, "I move the committee accept Jean's offer . . . and with thanks."

Claire saw Mrs. Crosby's capable hands tremble in her lap and thought, she's really upset. She is angry with us all. Someone seconded the motion, and the others agreed. But on the walk home the sharpest fears stabbed Claire. Was it only a short time before that she had vowed never to do anything to hurt Gordon's career? Now what had her words done? Had her incautiousness penalized him? Yet she had felt compelled to speak, though now a blur of tears threatened her eyes.

The next afternoon Claire opened the door to Mrs. Crosby. "Come in!" she said, tactfully concealing her uneasiness.

The older woman's mouth was clamped grimly downward when she perched on the edge of the chair that Claire offered, and there were no preliminaries.

"I am not a rich person, Mrs. Carter. So I have tried to give myself in unsparing service to this church."

"That is a fine thing to do," Claire said gravely.

"But yesterday . . ." Mrs. Crosby's eyes glittered with indignation. "Everyone knew I had carefully worked out a decorative scheme for the primary rooms."

I had even investigated curtain prices in the city."

Claire spoke carefully. "Perhaps . . . you've had the responsibility for so long. The women felt you deserved a rest this time. . . ."

Mrs. Crosby's glance was sharp. "They wanted me. Jean Wheaton is a very young and inexperienced girl. Why, she's such a poor manager that the church had to pay back rent on their tiny house."

"Bill Wheaton suffered an accident," Claire reminded her gently.

Mrs. Crosby sniffed. "Nevertheless, she's not capable of handling an important thing like this. Besides . . ." Was there a small glint of triumph in her eyes? "The funds allotted for the job are very small. It was my intention to buy the curtaining with my own money.

Claire's breath tightened painfully. "But surely . . . you will go to Jean with your kind offer. She will be pleased.

Mrs. Crosby was on her feet. She was not a tall woman, but now, arrow straight and angry, she seemed so. "I intend doing no such thing," she said stiffly. "I know, Mrs. Carter, when I am not wanted."

When the door closed behind her, Claire dropped limply onto the davenport. She wished she knew what to do now, how to meet this problem that was hers to meet. Gladly, she would have run to Gordon, and she did go as far as the study door, peered in at the crushed sheets of paper flung toward the wastebasket, saw his worried frown when he lifted his eyes from the blank paper in front of him. She smiled brightly and closed the door. His Sunday sermon was in the making, and he demanded so much of himself. The minister's wife must demand more of herself.

So for greater understanding, Claire prayed. That night she prayed that somehow she could tell of the love and kindness and patience that needed to begin right at home in their little church before efforts to show the love of Jesus to a skeptical world should begin.

For her devotional reading at the circle meeting the next day, Claire read, ". . . faith, hope, love abide, these three, but the greatest of these is love," and she felt the approving pressure of many hands when the meeting closed. Mrs. Crosby's hand, however, was not among them.

The days passed, and Claire tried to push away her misgivings over the outcome of the primary rooms. Secretly, she found herself wishing that Jean Wheaton would outdo anyone's hopes. She was young enough herself to sympathize with any possible inadequacies of the young woman.

She was almost grateful that a bad cold kept her away from the next decoration committee meeting. So only through the grapevine did she learn that Jean's plans had been found pleasing.

"Too bad that there aren't more funds to work with," Mrs. Allen observed. "The only practical place to cut the cost seems to be on the curtain material, and Jean had the sweetest yardage picked out. Yellow and nursery patterned."

Claire knew then that she was the only one aware of

Mrs. Crosby's intended offer, and the woman wasn't relenting. Sunday morning, watching Gordon's earnest face in the pulpit and hearing the words that came from the depths of his heart, she thought, what a shame that nothing he is preaching is finding roots in the heart of the congregation. As for herself, she felt a sense of failure and crumpled tiredly against the back of the pew. Only the sight of Jean and Bill Wheaton's glowing faces lifted her spirits. Once she looked toward the Crosby pew, but Mrs. Crosby's eyes were lowered, her face a sphinx in its lack of expression.

The plans were for the primary rooms to be ready for use the first Sunday of the following month. Now the date was close. Claire knew that Jean was spending long hours painting small tables and chairs. Frequently, she saw a light in the basement of the church and knew that Jean had slipped out after Bill was in bed. She felt she must do something . . . but what? Had anyone the right to deny this young couple their chance to repay a debt?

Then she heard rumors that the rooms might not be ready on time, and what could one expect anyway from someone so young and inexperienced! "We've never before failed in a church project," she heard. "It takes a strong hand. . . ." There as no doubt to whom they referred.

Claire's worry doubled because now Gordon sensed the unrest among the women of his small congregation. She found herself avoiding Mrs. Crosby, feeling that the woman must be wallowing happily in Jean's failure. Sometimes now when Gordon found it necessary to return to his study after dinner, Claire took long walks. It was on one of these walks that she saw the inevitable light in the church basement and resolutely turned her steps that way.

From the side of the church Claire looked directly in on the primary rooms. She gasped. There was young Mrs. Wheaton bent over a portable sewing machine. At a long table an angular figure was snipping lengths of yardage. The woman busy with the shears was Mrs. Crosby . . . the material was yellow and nursery patterned. Once Jean dabbed at her eyes, and the older woman leaned over and patted her shoulder. A smile curved the corners of the girl's mouth.

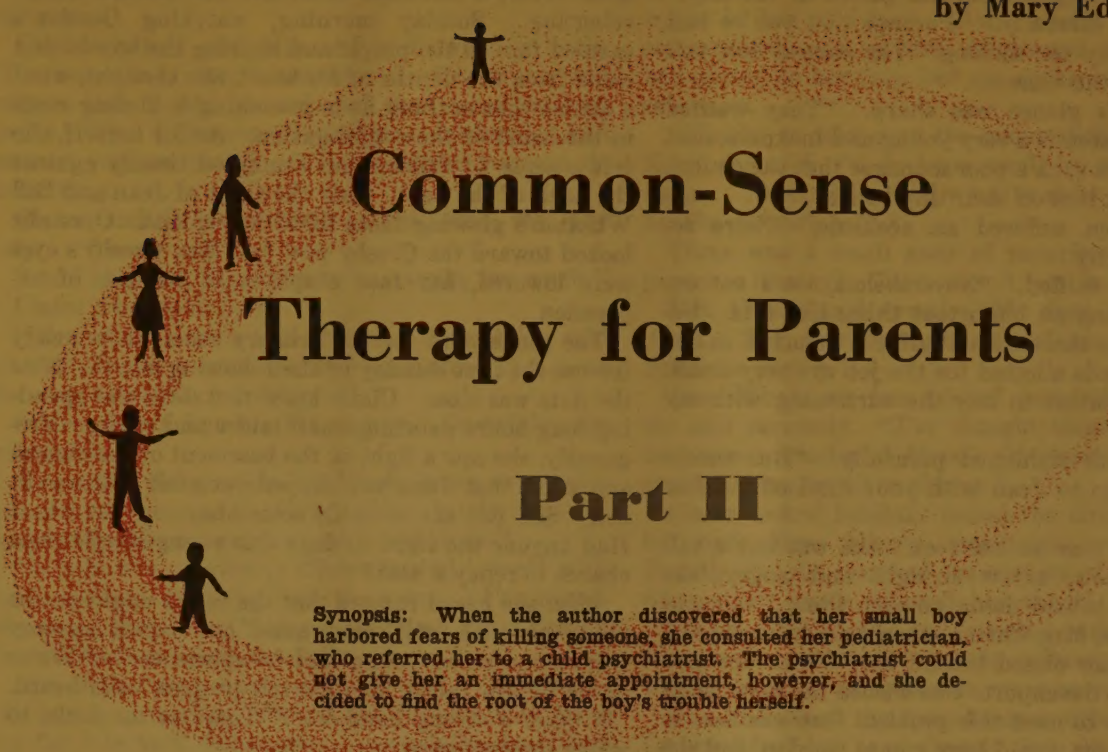
Hurriedly, Claire turned from the window, conflicting emotions of joy and fear grappling in her mind. Why was Mrs. Crosby there? Was she being generous now so that later. . . .

Claire didn't sleep well that night. During the next few days it was impossible to hide her uneasiness from Gordon, and she was aware of his puzzled frown following her.

Then came the announcement. The rooms were ready for inspection and on the specified date. Happily, Claire chalked up one score for Jean.

Together, the Carters walked toward the church, Claire thinking as she had on that first day, I'm scared. I should be happy . . . but I'm scared.

(Continued on page 28)



Common-Sense Therapy for Parents

Part II

Synopsis: When the author discovered that her small boy harbored fears of killing someone, she consulted her pediatrician, who referred her to a child psychiatrist. The psychiatrist could not give her an immediate appointment, however, and she decided to find the root of the boy's trouble herself.

When Roddy was three, he had a terrifying dream about a monstrous toe. For two weeks there were recurrences of fright. Then, to our amazement, he made a friend of his bad dream. The dream symbol became a constant and welcomed companion.

The year that Roddy was four he saw some neighbors killing rabbits. The rabbit incident proved such a shock that he didn't snap out of it until our pediatrician gave him phenobarbital to relax him.

He started to kindergarten at four. Now, in the fourth grade he loves school. He's an above-average student, and makes friends easily. Maybe we've pushed him too hard, I thought. Maybe we've expected too much of him.

We tried to prepare Roddy for his little brother. But since Arland came and I have seen how much of our time he has claimed, I have wondered if a child of five is ever really equipped to accept wholeheartedly one who takes so much of the attention that has been his. Roddy complained lately that just by crying Arland got everything he wanted.

There was the afternoon several months ago when my baby sitter asked Roddy to mind Arland while

she attended to some work for me. The neighbors breathlessly reported that a car barely missed Arland. The baby sitter was distraught. Wayne was upset; but Roddy didn't seem to grasp the seriousness of his neglect.

The movie and television programs that our boys see are carefully selected. Roddy is allowed only a minimum of cowboy shows. These were cut out to one a week several months earlier when he refused one night to take his bike alone from the back yard to the front garage. His obstacle was the unlighted and heavily shrubbed side gate. Here he envisioned sinister men lurking in the shadows, and he stubbornly refused to run the risk of being ambushed.

Our neighbors' children often give comic books to Roddy. Most of these we allow him to keep. He purchases some out of his weekly allowance, but we never buy comics for him.

Fear figured in my reflections, but not a desire to kill. That night I told Roddy of seeing the pocket book that haunted him. I tried to explain to him how these were written and why they were published. I humorously dramatized some of my own frightening ex-

periences. Later I introduced the subject of psychiatry. "Now, dear," I began, "there are different kinds of doctors just as there are different kinds of teachers. Those who are called psychiatrists often cure people by helping them to remember when and why they began thinking about the thing that bothers them."

"I know, Mother," he said wisely. "It's like putting a puzzle together."

The next day Roddy went to play with a friend. That evening after he had watched "I Love Lucy" on television, he clutched at his breast again with that desperate look I remembered so well. "I've got that terrible feeling again," he said, turning sad, pleading eyes to mine. "Tommy showed me a bad comic book today. It was about a little boy who didn't want to steal, and some mean people made him do it anyway. It was called *Oliver Twist*."

"*Oliver Twist*! Why that's Dickens' famous story," I said. "But I'll bet he'd be upset, too, if he saw children reading it in a comic book. That's the trouble with most comic and pocket books. They present good things in the wrong way."

Roddy seemed lost in his own reverie. "Tell me," I ventured, "are you afraid that someone will hurt you, or that they will make you do something against your will?"

"I'm afraid that I'll hurt somebody," he replied earnestly. "Sometimes I don't think about it when I'm at school, but most of the time I do."

Could this explain the messy work that he had been doing both at school and at home the past two months? I wondered. The issue was clear now, and it was serious. I thought again of that pocket book title, *The Simple Art of Murder*. It made this horrible act appear so easy. In *Oliver Twist* a child with high ideals is forced to do wrong against his will. Roddy wanted to do right. (God bless him for that!) Yet he indicated that he'd been disturbed even before he saw that pocket book. His withdrawn attitude toward his father and his guilt complex added to my confusion. Still, these things must connect in his own mind.

Soon I heard Wayne call impatiently, "Roddy, cut that out before you hurt Arland!" Roddy was provoked to action.

"Before you hurt Arland . . ." Why hadn't I thought of this before?

"Roddy!" I called excitedly. "Do you remember the night about two months ago when you were rough with Arland? Daddy got mad at you, and he held up his newspaper and asked how you would like to read in the headlines, 'Roddy Accidentally Kills His Brother!' Don't you remember? You said, 'I wouldn't like it, Dad.'"

Every line of Roddy's face was pained. "Was that when you began to think you might hurt someone?" I asked.

"I think it was," he said. So that was it! I thought at the time that Wayne was too dramatic for our sensitive Roddy, but he had tried scolding.

"Oh, Roddy!" I cried as I slipped into an easy chair beside him and took his hand in mine. "If Daddy had only known that this would hurt you so, he wouldn't have said it for the world."

Poor Wayne was crushed. "I'm sorry, son," he said. His voice was unsteady, and his hand shook, as he ruffled Roddy's hair in a characteristic gesture. "I've noticed that you are not so rough with your little brother as you were."

"I try not to be, Dad," he said seriously.

"This happened soon after Arland was almost hit by that car," I observed. "Maybe that's why it's bothered you so much. I'm just afraid we have all expected too much of our biggest boy."

"It looks that way," Wayne agreed. "But don't you worry anymore, Roddy. As long as you try to be careful, you are not going to hurt anyone or do any terrible thing against your will."

We both assured Roddy of our love, and the bulk of his problem seemed solved when we kissed him goodnight. "When you think how close we came to missing the answer to Roddy's problem, it's sort of frightening, isn't it?" Wayne said.

"I would hate to think of his going through life with this experience buttoned up inside," I offered.

After this, for several weeks, television time was cut considerably. Any program with killing in it became taboo. Roddy readily relinquished this treasured pastime to hear *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, *Lad a Dog*, or some other book read in the evening. Wayne and I took turns reading, while Roddy snuggled close to the reader in our favorite lounging chair. It was Wayne's idea to set the alarm clock a half hour earlier so that he and Roddy could play baseball before school. We planned more family outings. Roddy enrolled in a Saturday morning art class.

I was baking cookies when I heard Roddy come in from school. "Hi, Mom!" he called cheerfully. "I made a three base hit today."

"Wonderful!" I beamed as I handed him a glass of milk and a cookie.

After the third cookie he said thoughtfully, "You know, I hardly ever think of those bad things any-

more. I just decided that if God could hold my hand without my seeing him, he ought to be able to keep them from bothering me. When I passed that bookstand again yesterday, I just said to myself, 'You're not going to hurt anybody; so why think about it?'"

Arland came bounding in from his afternoon nap. "Hi, big boy!" Roddy greeted. "I'm sorry I stepped on your little car this morning, but you can have mine if you want it."

At that moment I glanced up and noticed a date circled for the next day on my kitchen calendar. Now, what could that be? I wondered. Beauty parlor? Luncheon? School? Church? No. "It's that appointment I made with the psychiatrist!" I thought. With a red pencil I crossed off the date.

"Whatya' doing, Mother," Roddy asked curiously.

"I'm just making a red-letter cancellation," I said, smiling.

Our pediatrician was not so hard to see this time. I made two appointments, one for myself and one for Roddy the following day.

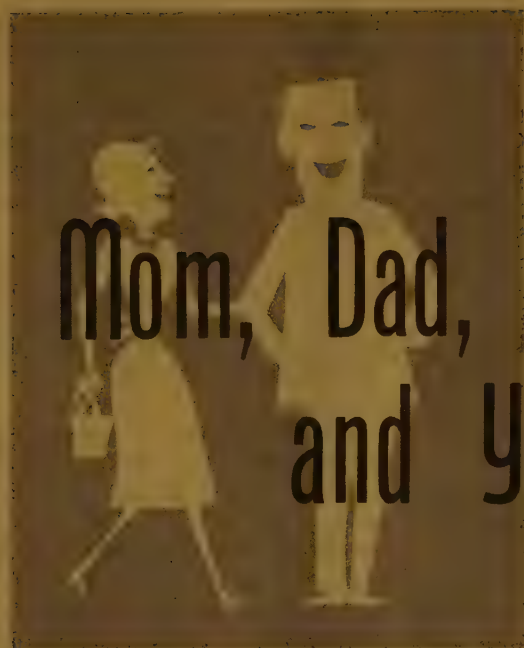
"I think you have handled the case exceptionally well," the doctor said after I'd told my story. "There isn't a mother in one hundred who wouldn't have gone to pieces."

"I'm particularly glad that you didn't have to see the psychiatrist. Your close relationship with Roddy and his freedom in talking with you changes that picture for me. I'm sorry I didn't talk directly with you when you first called."

"When Arland was born, he found a brother already here. He grew up sharing. With Roddy it was different. For almost five years he had everything without need or opportunity for sharing either his parents or possessions. Now he has to fight for the attention that he once got naturally. Learning to share is never easy, but we must remember that it takes longer to unlearn and relearn than it does to learn."

"Roddy has suffered, but not so much from this recent experience as from losing his position of prominence in the family. I'd like

(Continued on page 30)



Mom, Dad, and Your Other Life

by Jody Jackson

**Teen-agers, don't exclude your parents from your activities.
After all, they're the very best friends you've got.**

"Pete, have you heard? Mom and Dad are letting me go to church camp for two whole weeks. It'll be my first time away from home by myself. Isn't it wonderful?" Nancy was in a flurry of excitement, telling her older brother the news.

Pete was pleased for his younger sister and said "Gee, Nan, you're growing up. Mom and Dad must think that you're well on your way to being an adult to let you go."

"Well I like that," Nancy said haughtily. "I'm practically an adult now. It's just that no one will admit it. Boy, will it ever be nice to have two whole weeks away from this overbearing family. I can't even breathe around here without someone trying to show me how. Just wait till I get to camp! I won't even think about you people. You'll see how independent and adult I can be."

"You might as well stop right there," Pete interrupted. "Mom and Dad won't let you get far with that attitude."

"What do you mean?" Nancy asked defiantly.

"Well, independence is fine and definitely a sign of maturity," explained college-age Pete, "but re-

sponsibility is another big aspect of being an adult."

"Naturally," said Nancy sarcastically. "I know."

"No, I don't think you do," said Pete. "Now don't get huffy," he said as a belligerent look spread across Nancy's face. "I want to help. Look at it this way. If you make a good showing on this trip to camp, and act real grown-up, Mom and Dad are more likely to let you go on other trips by yourself, for youth conferences, weekend visits, and so on, right?"

"Yes-s-s," said Nancy hesitantly.

"But if you spoil your trip to camp, and pull something childish," continued Pete, "they're going to put their foot down on future trips for awhile."

Nancy interrupted. "Well, of course. But who says I'm going to pull something childish?"

"You just did," said Pete.

"And just what did I say that was so childish?" demanded 13-year-old Nancy.

"You said you wouldn't even think about Mom, Dad, or me while you were at camp."

"Well, don't cry about it."

"I won't, but you will later. Now don't get mad," Pete continued.

"Listen a minute. I know. I went

through the same thing a few years ago. To be treated like an adult you have to act like one, and mature adults don't throw over the traces. They may feel like it, but they don't do it. Instead, they accept the responsibilities they have to their families back home.

"No matter how you look at it, you're connected to Mom and Dad. They're interested in you, and you're interested in them. Don't say you're not. You'd think it awfully peculiar if Mom or Dad went away and you didn't hear a word from them. In fact, it's because Mom and Dad do care about you that you're going off on this jaunt. They're just as interested in seeing that you learn to be independent as you are. So they're giving you a taste of independence. One way to show them that you're mature enough to deserve such independence is to let Mom and Dad know how you are and what you're doing.

"Write them. Call them. Tell them what's going on. Doing so shows you've learned to accept an adult responsibility to your family.

"And when I say write, I don't mean a meager scribble. I mean a newsy letter at least once a week, and postcards in between. Be sure

you telephone or wire, telling of your safe arrival. It'll save Mom and Dad a lot of worry, and possibly save you from embarrassing phone calls from them inquiring if you're all right. Also, be sure to let Mom and Dad know the exact time and place you'll be returning, or where they should pick you up. Such things are just plain courtesy.

"Oh, yes, and even though you write faithfully, don't clam up when you get home. Mom and Dad will want to hear all the details of your trip; so save some gay tales to tell."

Nancy groaned. "Do I have to do all that?"

"Yes," continued Pete, "because Mom and Dad care about you. You and I are their favorite subjects, and they want to know all about us and what happens to us. So don't keep them in the dark. Frankly, you couldn't find a better audience. They'll be much more interested in your trip than even your best friend is."

"What makes you think Mom and Dad would be upset if I didn't do all these things?" asked Nancy.

"Because it happened to me," moaned Pete. "I remember once when I went off to visit a friend of mine for a week end. I was so busy having a good time that I completely forgot to call or wire Mom and Dad. Boy, did I hear from them! They called long distance when I was in the middle of a party, to see if I was all right. Did I ever take a ribbing from the gang! I was embarrassed to death. Never again!"

"Well, I guess you're right," sighed Nancy.

"Oh, and another thing," Pete said. "It would be nice if you'd remember to bring Mom and Dad each a little gift or memento of your trip. It needn't cost much, maybe not anything. They'll appreciate it and think a lot of you for remembering. It's sort of a customary thing for travelers to bring gifts to members of the family back home. So don't forget it, ever. You may hurt some feelings if you do."

"Wow! It looks as though I'm going to be one busy little beaver at camp," said Nancy.

"That's only half of it," chuckled Pete.

"Half of it," gasped Nancy.

"What else do I have to do?"

"You have to represent the family," grinned Pete.

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Nancy.

Pete laughed. "Be on your good behavior. How you act will tell other people what kind of parents you have, what kind of a home you come from. We want you to do us up proud. Good manners, as the saying goes, are a sign of good breeding. If you're boisterous, or ill-mannered in public, the people at camp will think that's the way you always are, and the way the rest of your family is.

"I remember a fellow from school. Ordinarily, he was a very nice guy, but one time he got in with a group who started acting silly. They got carried away with their ideas and cut some trolley wires on a streetcar. The police caught them. Their pictures and names were in the papers. They

hadn't meant anything by their act. They didn't mean to be vandals. They were careless and got carried away for the moment. But they were immediately branded as delinquents, and everyone thought less of them and their parents because of it.

"I don't mean that you'll ever do anything like that," continued Pete. "But just remember that your behavior is a big factor in how others judge you and your family. One stupid little incident can upset a whole applecart of good behavior. If you're ever in doubt about whether to do or say something, ask yourself if Mom or Dad would approve."

Nancy sighed. "I can see that being an adult isn't the easy sailing I thought it would be."

"No, it has its responsibilities," grinned Pete, "but you'll pull through. Do Mom and Dad up proud, and just think of all the other things they'll let you do in the future. Camp's only the beginning."

"Remember that your behavior is a big factor in how others judge you and your family," Pete warns his younger sister. "One stupid little incident can upset a whole applecart of good behavior."

Photo by erb



When Children Come to Visit



Kathleen H. Cochran

Make children feel welcome in your home by planning things especially for them.

Will you be having family visitors in your home this summer? Then give as much thought and preparation to the comfort and entertainment of the children in the family as you do for the adults. If the boys and girls in your own family approximately match the ages of those who will be your guests, the situation will quite largely take care of itself, providing you give your own brood some guidance as its members plan for the happiness of their visitors. If yours is a family of adults, however, your own initiative will be needed as you plan for your guests' holiday with you.

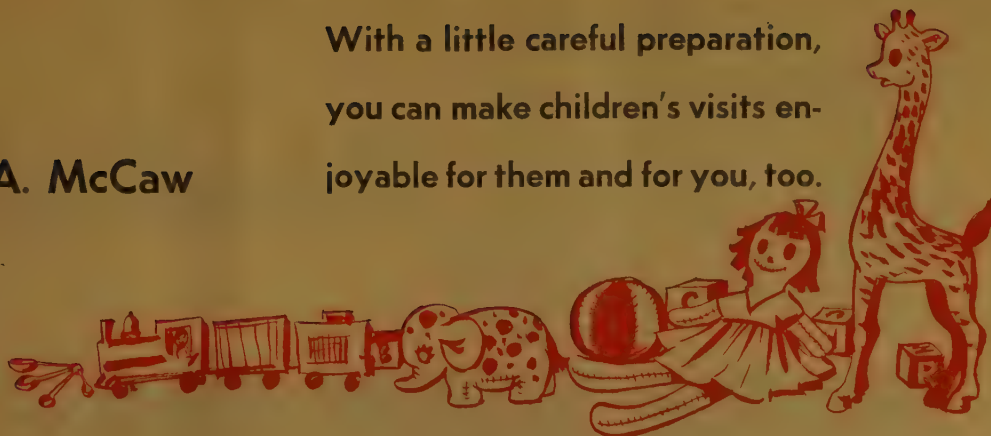
Begin with such simple things as the physical surroundings of the home. A cheery, "Marilee, here is a place for you to hang your hat and coat," indicating

a hook which has been placed at the child's level, will make your young guest feel wanted and welcome from the moment she enters your home. A low rack in the bathroom with a bright colored towel and washcloth for her use, and more low hooks in a clothes closet for her clothes will further assure the four- to eight-year-old that plans have been made for her visit.

Next, think of things that the children may do while you and their parents are reminiscing about old times or catching up on the latest news of friends. Clear out one of the shelves of your bookcase and stock it with well-chosen games, puzzles, toys, and books for their amusement and entertainment. Perhaps you keep a supply of these on hand just for your child guests. If not, your young neighbors and

by Mabel A. McCaw

With a little careful preparation,
you can make children's visits en-
joyable for them and for you, too.



friends will, no doubt, be glad to share some of their supply with you. The children's librarian in your city library also will help you select good books which all children enjoy. A child's rocker for the younger child, and a low table, if you have one, may be placed conveniently near this spot. Introduce your guests to this corner as soon as the occasion arises, and make them feel that this is their private sanctuary where they will not be disturbed. If you feel it is necessary, suggest that they each get out only one book or toy at a time, and put it back when they are ready to play with something else.

Out-of-door play will claim a part of the children's time and attention. If there are no playmates for them in your own family, invite several of the boys and girls in the neighborhood to play with your guests. Tell them beforehand about the "company" which is coming to your house, and suggest that they come over and make friends with the children while they are there.

Again, think of the children's interests when you are planning the excursions about town upon which you will take your visiting family. Obviously, the women will wish to spend at least one afternoon in the shops—to browse around if not to make a purchase or two. The children would neither be happy themselves nor add to the happiness of the shoppers by going along. So plan for something else for the younger members of the family to do at that time. A trip to the park, a drive out into the country, a visit to the zoo or other place of interest in the community, a well-planned afternoon of neighborhood fun in your yard with party features of lemonade and cookies—any one of these under the supervision of an adult will fill the afternoon with joy for the younger crowd.

At least one outing on the level of the children's interest may be planned for all. A picnic would be most acceptable to them, especially if it involved roasting hot dogs or frying hamburgers outdoors. Most adults enjoy this type of outing, too. If you happen to be among those few who do not, forget your own likes in the matter and capture some of the happiness bubbling from the hearts of the children

in the group. If you have an outdoor oven in your own yard, plan to cook and serve several meals there during your guests' sojourn with you.

Make special plans for Sunday, too, if your guests will be with you on that day. Inquire about the department or departments in your church in which your child visitors will visit on Sunday morning. Tell the leaders of those departments that you will bring visitors to their groups, so that they will be expecting them and can plan to make the visitors feel at home there.

One more item must be considered as you prepare for your young guests. Serve some of their favorite foods while they are to be with you. Hamburgers are a must wherever children are concerned. If you plan to have them on your family outing, you may not wish to serve them at another time, although many children would relish them at every dinner. Most children like chocolate milk better than "white" milk. It adds variety to their daily supply. Filled cookie jars still appeal to boys and girls. Ice cream is always a treat, no matter how often it is served. Applesauce is usually a favorite. To these and other special likes of all children add those foods which have their particular attraction for the ones who will visit you. Learn from their parents what foods they like best, and plan to serve several of their particular favorites at one time or another during their visit.

Above all respect the personalities of your younger guests. Make them feel that they are individuals with rights and privileges of their own. Make them feel as though they are responsible members of their own family, and now of the still larger group of which they are a part. Make them aware of your own friendliness and interest in the things that they do. Without prying into their personal lives, ask about their school, their playmates, their church and church friends, and the things that they do in their own home and community. Inject into your group conversation items of concern to them so that they may take a natural part in what is being said at times. In short, never forget the presence of the younger members in your group, and the visit will be a happy one for guests and host alike.



With the Frui



Kelker Studio

Mrs. Christina B. Petersen, originator of the Chris Line of Originals, demonstrates how skins are cut with a sharp knife, using heavy cardboard patterns. Behind her are stacks of skins to be used in the making of jackets. Below, Mrs. Petersen is stitching up the parts of a jacket.

Kelker Studio



From the arena in Madison Square Garden to the bridle paths of Sun Valley, Mrs. Christina B. Petersen of Twin Falls, Idaho, is known as the designer and maker of Chris Line Originals, unique western garb. In less than ten years she has built a business that employs seven full-time workers, fifteen pieceworkers, and five salesmen covering thirty-six states.

But to her hometown, Chris is more than a successful business woman. They know her as a mother whose qualities mirror those of the woman in Proverbs 31 about whom it was written: "She works willingly with her hands. . . . She looks well to the ways of her household and does not eat the bread of idleness. . . . Her children rise up and call her blessed."

As a child on a large cattle and horse ranch near Miles City, Montana, Chris learned early to love the smell of sagebrush and lupine meadows, the pungent tang of leather mixed with horseflesh, and the bi-weekly visits of the circuit-riding preacher. Playing the pump-organ for church services held in the little country schoolhouse, she came to know God's ever-present love.

Next to the youngest of ten children, Chris lost both parents before she was 13. When her older brothers assumed the care of the family, they scorned her dreams of an education. "Educate you, a girl!" they jibed. "Why, you'll never have to work for a living. You'll just get married and take life easy."

Their well-meant predictions went awry, however. At 25, Chris married Julius T. Petersen, a young farmer, and began an al-

Her Hands

by Frances D. Reid



most day-to-day struggle to survive. Whatever Julius tried, his efforts failed, and the girl who had known so little hardship soon found herself working at his side in the fields—thinning beets, loading machinery, stacking hay, and doing the chores. Instead of bountiful harvests, they reaped debts and disappointment. During these years four children were born to them. In 1931, the Petersens moved to Twin Falls, Idaho. While Julius sought day labor,

Richard O. Shacklett

Chris raised chickens and vegetables, spending long hours in irrigating and cultivating. To pay for school fees and clothing for the children, she took in sewing.

When Chris was 40 years old—an age when many women begin to think of more leisure—she suddenly found herself faced with the full care of her children, aged five and one-half to 13. The time was the late thirties, and jobs were at a premium.

Lacking experience or training, Chris could offer only a willingness to tackle any kind of honest work and a determination to face cheerfully the most demanding and confining labor. From the state she received dependent child assistance, and welfare groups helped with clothing. Never too timid to ask nor too proud to accept, Chris sought whatever jobs she could find. "I was glad to work in people's homes at cleaning, cooking, and ironing," she recalls. "The pay was twenty-five cents an hour, and since I did good work, I soon had more calls than I could handle.

"I never had any fear of the future, and God must have been with me, for we always found that our needs were provided. Sometimes when our rations were low, I would be given an extra dollar or two or some cooked food to take home. If I had not had such faith and the conviction that I must do the right thing toward my fellow man, I would not have been blessed with such peace of mind as I have known."

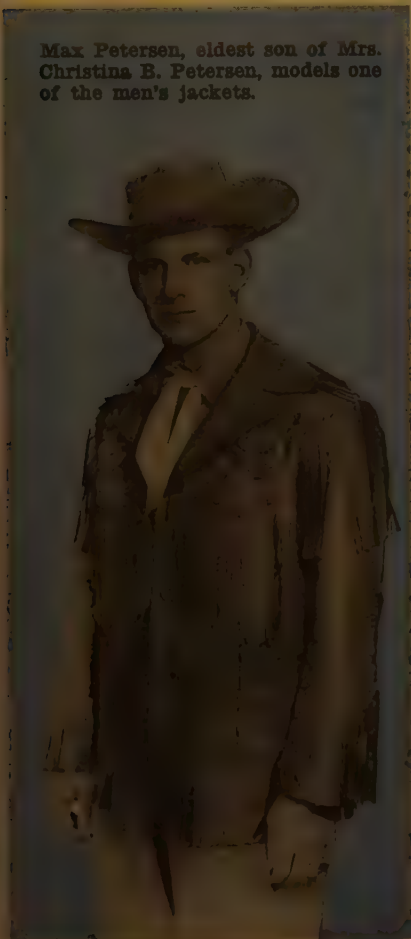
From the beginning, Chris put her duty to God first. Leading the older children by the hand

and carrying the youngest, she walked long distances to church school and church. "Several evenings a week we gathered around the table to study our Sunday church school lessons together and to read the well-loved Bible stories. I have always believed that the practice of bedtime prayers and worship in the home helps to build a sure foundation for children. All of my four were active in church school and

(Continued on page 28)

Richard O. Shacklett

Max Petersen, eldest son of Mrs. Christina B. Petersen, models one of the men's jackets.



Phyllis, Mrs. Petersen's only daughter, models one of the women's jackets.





In Other

by Doris Clore Demaree

Photos by Ewing Galloway



n Far Japan

Big Sister does the best she can
Caring for baby in far Japan,
Carrying him upon her back,
Tied securely like a pack.
"It's fun," says baby, "to be so high
Where I can see whatever goes by."



n Mexico

On Corpus Christi Day, they say,
The Mexican children dress this way,
In wrap-around skirt, serape, and hat,
And carrying a rolled-up straw bed mat.
With chickens and pottery for sale
We see the children without fail
On Corpus Christi Day.



Lands



n Kashmir

Poppies we gather in Kashmir today—
God made them grow on the windswept plain,
Wet by the dew and the life-giving rain,
Warmed by the sun and neighbored by grass,
Nodding and smiling to children who pass.
Poppies we gather in Kashmir today.
“God loves you all. Be happy!” they say.



n China

God loves the children of far Japan,
Of Kashmir and Mexico.
He loves the children of China, too,
But I wonder if they know.
I'll say a prayer of love for them,
And you say a prayer for them, too.
“God loves the children of China,” we'll say,
And some day they will know that it's true.

Worship in the Family with Children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

Something New

Tim liked all outdoor things. He liked to watch the birds fly. He liked to hear them sing. He liked to watch ants crawling in the dust, dragging things to their homes. He liked to hear crickets chirp. He liked to feel the wind on hot days. But best of all he liked to go to the park to look and listen, and to explore. "What are they doing?" he often asked about what he saw. "Why do they do it?" And Mother or Daddy told him if they could, and usually added, "It is part of God's plan for his little creatures."

One day Mother said, "After your nap we will go to the park."

When Tim woke from his nap, he drank a glass of milk. Then he and Mother walked to the park.

"Is there something new there?" Tim asked.

"I don't know," Mother said with a smile. "We will go exploring today and see."

Tim watched carefully before they got to the park. "I can't see anything new," he said. "The things all look the same. I hear the same sounds."

Samuel Mykle



"You will have a good time looking and listening and exploring anyway," Mother said.

Tim saw grasshoppers jumping from flower to dust; from dust to trees. Once a grasshopper jumped on his shoulder. "Look, Mother," Tim said with a laugh, but the grasshopper hopped before Mother saw it.

Tim listened to the sound of the wind in the trees. He listened to the birds singing. He explored an ant hill in the border of a flower bed. He smelled the perfume of the flowers.

"We will have to start home soon," Mother said.

"Oh, Mother, we haven't found anything new," Tim answered. "Can we explore that path and go home a new way?"

"Yes, I think we can," Mother answered.

Tim and Mother started along the path. It led through some low trees and bushes. When they were through them, the path led down a steep slope to a small pond of water.

"Here is something new," Tim said. "Here is a pond of water that I never saw before!"

Tim ran forward down the path. Then he stopped suddenly and stood perfectly still. He turned to Mother, a finger on his lips. Mother listened. She heard a soft "quack, quack." Then a mother duck came into sight, followed by seven baby ducks. Some were yellow; some were brown; some were speckled.

"Oh, Mother, they are new!" Tim said breathlessly. "Aren't they cute? Where did they come from?"

"They are cute," Mother agreed. "They hatched from duck eggs, for that is God's plan for baby ducks. He has good plans for all his little creatures."

Theme for July:
Little Creatures

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

Thinking About God's Creatures

What do you think about when you hear the term "little creatures"? What pictures come to your mind? One group of children were discussing this subject and made a list of all the little creatures they could name. Their list was like this:

Ladybugs	Toads
Fireflies	Lizards
Polliwogs	Ants
Angleworms	Gnats
Minnows	Mosquitoes
Baby animals	Flies
Bees	Spiders
Crickets	Birds
Snails	Pets
Butterflies	Squirrels
Caterpillars	Mice
Frogs	Moles

What would your list be like if you made one? Ask yourself some questions about the "little creatures" in the list above, or in your own; or use those given here:

Why did God plan for little creatures?

How many can you recognize (in the above list) or do you know about?

What is your attitude toward little creatures? Do they annoy you? Do you try to destroy as many of them as possible? Do you understand their place in God's plan? If so, do you try to protect some of them?

In what ways can you learn more about little creatures? What change in your attitude might new knowledge give you?

Can you group little creatures into types, or classes? What characteristics do they have in common? What distinctive ones do they have? Why?

In what ways are little creatures able to care for themselves? Why is that so? What do you call this?

Does this lead our thoughts back to God, and his purpose for all little creatures?

For Pets

Thank you for little puppies, God,

For little kittens, too,

For bunnies and for little snails,

For all these things, thank you!

—Eleanor Dennis¹

Little Creatures—a Litany

Her name is written on her shiny bright back,
In dots, two or twenty, but always in black.
She's the Lady Bird Beetle with polka dot features,

Sing praises to God for lovely small creatures!

He flies through the dark with a flashing tail light,
Making merriest fun in the long summer night.
He's the Firefly Beetle with lightning light features,

Sing praises to God for lovely small creatures!

They whirl, swim, and dive like a small submarine,
Yet can fly through the air like a flying machine.
They are Black Water Beetles with whirligig features,

Sing praises to God for these interesting creatures!

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

A Bible Verse

O LORD, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
the earth is full of thy creatures.

—Psalm 104:24

A. Devaney, Inc.



FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Worship Center: If you use a worship center in your home to make it easier for all the members of your family to worship, use on it pictures or objects that will help you to think of God's little creatures. For example, a bird's nest, a mud dauber's nest, or a butterfly collection would be a good object to use; or a picture of any little creature would do. If you do not have such a picture, or cannot find one, use the one on page 5 of the primary pupil's book for year two, spring quarter. The open Bible, placed on a cloth of beautiful color, probably would be all else that you would wish to use.

Call to Worship: Genesis 1:20-24.

Song: Use your favorite song about God's world or his small creatures, or choose from the following: "All Things Bright and Beautiful," primary pupil's book, year two, spring quarter, page 6; "God Is Near," primary pupil's book, year three, fall quarter, page 18; or "For the Beauty of the Earth," primary pupil's book, year three, summer quarter, page 6.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation about a favorite verse of scripture concerning God's creatures, or about the call to worship.

Prayer: Dear God, we are glad for all of your good plans for the earth. We are glad that they include all of the little creatures. Help us to grow in our understanding of their place in our world. Amen.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on these pages, or choose from the following: "I Love God's Tiny Creatures," primary pupil's book, year two, spring quarter, page 5; "Watch for Little Things," junior pupil's book for year one, spring quarter, page 27.

Story: Use the story on page 18, or "Everything Beautiful in Its Time," primary pupil's book, year two, spring quarter, page 3.

Song: Choose one of the songs suggested above.

Prayer at Camp

Dear God, though I'm in camp tonight,
I feel that you are near,
And so I say my evening prayer,
And know that you will hear.
Be with me while I swim and play,
Of take a nature tramp,
And let me share in every way,
The spirit of the camp.
The bunnies in the ferny woods,
The chipmunks soft and brown—
Keep all the little creatures safe,
While stars are looking down.
Bless all the fluffy little birds
That nest in bush and tree.
Bless all the folk at home tonight,
And bless the camp, and me.

—J. Lilian Vandever¹

Thank You, God

Dear God, I'm glad you gave me eyes to see
The beauty of the world:
Butterflies and rainbows,
Stars twinkling in the sky,
The faces of those I love.

I'm glad you gave me ears to hear
The music of the world:
The song of birds, the crash of thunder,
The patter of rain, the splash of waves,
The voices of those I love.

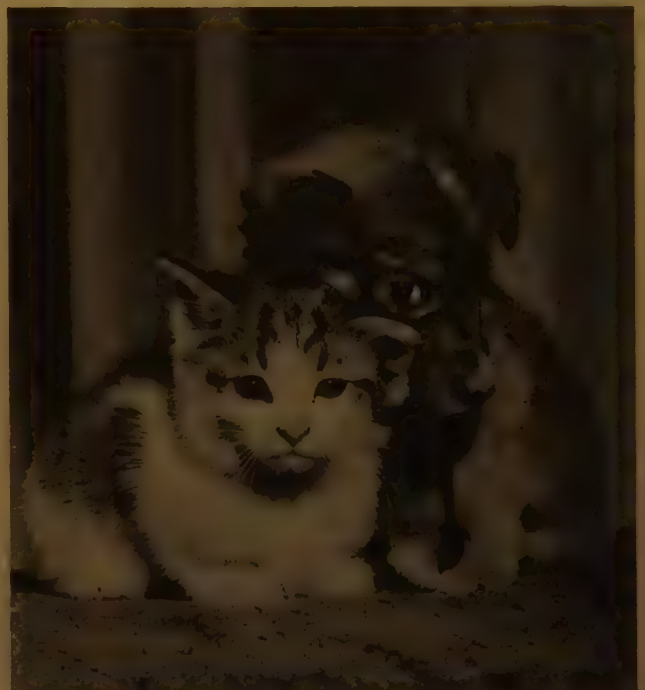
I'm glad that my fingers can touch
The soft things of the world:
Pussy willows and bunnies,
The silky fur of my kitten,
The gentle hands of those I love.

For all these things that I can see,
And hear, and touch,
Thank you, God.

—Ruth Dwyer²

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EARS,

the Unhappy Puppy

by Maithel Martin

Ears was a little brown cocker spaniel puppy. He was a very unhappy little puppy. He was so unhappy he wanted to cry, but dogs can't cry. So he just kept feeling worse and worse all the time. Ears was so very unhappy that he even *looked* as if he could cry!

Ears had not always been unhappy. He had enjoyed playing with his brothers and sisters for several weeks. All the puppies would run and run. Then they would roll over and over and pretend to fight. How happy they had been!

Ears started being unhappy one morning when some people came to see him and his brothers and sisters. They were being taken to new homes to live. People would come and look at all the puppies. When they saw one they liked, they would choose it to go home to live with them.

All the puppies were excited and happy except Ears. He wasn't happy at all. No one wanted him. Ears was brown just like his sisters and brothers. He had four short legs just like theirs, and his little stubby tail could wiggle just as fast as the others could, and Ears was as fat as they were. But people didn't take Ears home with them. They just looked at him, and then they would laugh and choose another puppy.

Would you like to know why all the people laughed at Ears?

It was because of his EARS!

Everybody said, "Look at that puppy. Ha, Ha! His ears are so long he can hardly walk!" Then they would start calling to him, "Come here, puppy, and let us see how strange you look with your long ears."

At first Ears tried to run and play so people would not notice his ears. It was no use. The more he ran, the worse his ears flopped and dangled in his way. Once while he was running, he stepped on one of his ears and tripped. Then they laughed louder than ever.



At last Ears decided not to run at all. He just sat back in a corner and tried to keep his ears from showing. He looked as sad as could be. He was as sad as could be!

Days went by. One morning a man brought his little boy to see the puppies. The man was Mr. Martin, and he was going to buy his little boy a puppy for his birthday. Mr. Martin said, "Now, Tommy, here are four puppies. These three by the gate are the best, I think. That one over in the corner looks too sad, and his ears are too long, anyway."

Ears let his head droop lower than ever, and he wished that Tommy would not look at him, because he was afraid Tommy would laugh.

Tommy looked at the other three puppies, and then he said, "I'd like to see that one over in the corner. Maybe he looks sad because he has no little boy to play with."

Mr. Martin reached down and picked Ears up in his arms and handed him to Tommy. Ears was shaking and trembling. He was so scared he could hardly stand it. He was afraid his ears looked worse than ever when people picked him up. He was

(Continued on page 28)

**FIRST
CLASS**

**I OPEN DOORS
FOLLOW ME!**

**I LOVE FUN
PLAY WITH ME!**

It's

FUN

to Be a Parent!

**HANDLE WITH
LOVE & LAUGHTER**

**SURPRISE
PACKAGE**

**REBENT
UGH**

"FRAGILE—HANDLE WITH CARE." We were amused at this red-and-white sticker on the back of our 14-month-old toddler grandson. His proud, fun-loving father had stuck it there while we were opening our Christmas packages. We laughed as we thought of other stickers that could have sufficed: "FIRST CLASS"; "SPECIAL DELIVERY"; "INSURED."

We asked our daughter if she thought that it was fun to be a parent. At the moment she was feeding her young son. As the spoon of strained peas approached his mouth, he uttered a Bronx cheer that spattered peas over himself and his mother. "What do you mean, fun?" our daughter asked as she wiped her face.

To listen to a group of young mothers sharing their problems one could imagine that they had nothing but trouble. That is not true, of course. One young mother no doubt spoke for all when she said, "When I married, I sensed a completion that made me so happy that I wanted everyone to be married. But when our Mark was born, I wondered how I could have felt complete before. Here was such fulfillment as I had never dreamed of!"

There is a concern, however, sometimes a disturbing anxiety about our responsibility as parents. Those who are conscientious in reading and discussing child care too often see only this label on their youngsters: "FRAGILE—HANDLE WITH CARE."

Since we have been parents for quite a few years, and know some of the "ropes," we would like to suggest that young parents put some other stickers on their children.

"I LOVE FUN—PLAY WITH ME" is one such label. From the first "peek-a-boo" game to tennis matches, children thrive best when their dad and mom take time to play with them. Frolics in bed in the morning, playing jacks on the floor, picnics, jig-saw puzzles—in these we grown-ups relax from our dignity and live over again our own childhood. We make the fun more meaningful for the children. A recent cartoon showed a bored youngster looking up from his huge pile of playthings at his mother as she bent over the ironing board. He complained, "But there's nothing to do!" He meant there was nothing meaningful to do. More playthings were not the answer. He wanted his mother to join in activities with him.

Mealtimes were frequently fun times at our house. One favorite game was puzzling one another with "I see something you don't see, and it's red" (or some other color). We read A. A. Milne's books aloud to the accompaniment of merry peals of laughter.

We made up games. In one of our favorites Mother played different tunes on the piano, while the children and Daddy marched or skipped, or tried to match movements to some unusual rhythm. Games helped us over otherwise dull or routine periods. When traveling on long trips in the car, we made the miles go quickly by playing amusing games.

In play children come to understand themselves and their world. They try out patterns of behavior; and parents who play with them help them in this struggle for understanding.

"I OPEN DOORS—FOLLOW ME" is another

Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

by Martha and George Oliver Taylor

sticker for each child. Behind cupboard doors are the most interesting things for the crawler's exploring hands! Children open other doors for their parents, however. Remember how you were more aware of babies after you had had one of our own? You met other young parents, too. As the youngster plays in the neighborhood, he finds playmates and soon leads his parents through other doors, where they often meet friendly and congenial neighbors.

To school he goes, and his parents trail him there. The children's homework inevitably causes a review of arithmetic and grammar. At our house we were continually referring to the *World Book* and the Bible. Then there were the school activities—PTA, basketball, and music and theatrical programs. How well we remember the excitement of getting our daughter outfitted with a new formal! Then when we got to the high school auditorium, we couldn't pick her out of the 400 in the chorus on the platform.

A boy came awkwardly into our front room. So this is the "date" our daughter had been talking so excitedly about! We came home from church one Sunday noon a little later than our children, and found our kitchen table surrounded by three hungry boys, devouring milk and cake. The latter was to have been our Sunday dessert! It was just "the bunch" that always walked home together, including our two teen-age daughters and one of their girl

chums (whom we called our "extra daughter"). Another time Dad came home from a trip out of town to find that a daughter was having a "slumber party" with nine of her giggly, never-still club sisters.

Our lives have been enriched by our children's friends. Our three daughters picked out fine husbands. Our son is in the process of choosing a good wife. As our married children venture into life, we find our horizons opening still wider. One couple will open doors to the other side of the world if they become missionaries as they plan to at present.

"SURPRISE PACKAGE" should be pasted on all youngsters. Their endearing traits are, of course, an ever-fresh topic of conversation; but they develop faster than we think in understanding and skills. Sometimes, they can outwit us. Four-year-old Elizabeth did not want to say the prayer of thanks one evening at the supper table. Her father offered the prayer; but being somewhat suspicious, he opened his eyes in time to see her snitch a morsel of food. He concluded his prayer with, "—and forgive Elizabeth for taking food during the prayer." Nothing more was said. The next night Elizabeth willingly offered the prayer and concluded with "—and forgive Daddy for peeking last night during the prayer." Once when our children were in grade school, they started talking in a code. We kept hearing the

Photo by erb



Mom and Dad, let down your hair frequently and join the youngsters in play. Children enjoy their activities much more when you participate.

letters, "M—A—D—A," and finally found out what they meant. The children were saving money together for "Mother and Daddy's Anniversary." What astounded us was that they were denying themselves and co-operating with one another.

Sometimes children will suddenly reveal hidden talents. We shall never forget the annual youth chili supper at the church when we saw our youngest daughter lead group singing for the first time and were amazed at how well she did it.

"PROBLEM PACKAGE—VALUABLE." Bringing the first baby home from the hospital makes new parents feel almost overwhelmed. So many things can happen. Of course, each child is a problem potential, but not so many things occur as are dreaded. We, as grandparents, can now see that some of our problems came from our overanxiety, and some could not have been prevented. A serious

infection kept our year-old daughter in a hospital for weeks. A fall on a rake, a rat-bite in the middle of the night, fevers, and childhood diseases with seven-year-itch in addition—these and others were our portion.

The point is, even though we cannot prevent all problems or even tragedies from occurring, we can avoid being "Calamity Janes." Constant worry and fret about what might happen does more damage to children than does actual illness. Their confidence in God and themselves is undermined. Take all necessary precautions, of course, to prevent misfortunes. Then give your children plenty of love and affection, and help them to acquire faith in God and an appreciation of his world. When problems do arise, God will supply the needed strength and resources.

A friend warned us that our problems would get

For "It's Fun to Be A Parent"

Study Guide

Purposes of the article and of this meeting: To lift the morale of parents who have become anxious and self-conscious as a result of discussions and writings on child care; to help them relax and enjoy their children, without minimizing the responsibilities; and to help them to anticipate deeper satisfactions.

Preparing for the Meeting

Ask the parents to come ready to tell their funniest experiences as parents. Be sure that some grandparents and others with long years of experience will be at the meeting, primed to tell some stories and share their wisdom. Also, ask some parents to bring games, books, crafts, or collections that they have enjoyed with their children.

To help make the meeting more informal, have placards painted and lettered in colors and designed like gummed labels, one for each of the

suggested "stickers" in the article. These could be posted around the room.

Set up tables at convenient places for displaying the games, books, records, crafts, collections, etc. that will be brought. Perhaps arrangements can be made with a store to provide a display of games and craft materials for the evening. Also have a display of books and pamphlets on fun in the family.

Conducting the Meeting

As the parents arrive with their games and other family pleasure items, they will be guided to the tables for the displays. The meeting will actually begin to achieve its purposes with the conversation and laughter around these display tables. There will be apologies for the worn appearance of the games and books and the amateurishness of the crafts and pictures. There will be explanations about the games and collections. It may even be difficult for

the chairman to get the group to be seated, but no matter. Some common bonds have already been established. It will not be hard to get a discussion started.

After a round of sharing amusing experiences, point out that the purpose of the meeting is to help parents overcome serious anxiety concerning their responsibilities for their children. The article seeks to make five points:

1. Parents will be better parents if they will play with their children, and the children will be happier and healthier.
2. Parenthood will be more enjoyable if parents let their lives be enriched by their children's experiences, friends, and wider contacts.
3. Parents do not "own" their children. Take a more relaxed view and anticipate surprises and developments in their personalities.
4. The problems and worries of parenthood are offset by deeper satisfactions as the children grow into maturity.
5. Parents do influence their children, but God has built into their natures some toughness that endures a lot of parental mistakes.

Put these points on the blackboard, or have copies made so that each person gets one. Have someone read them aloud. Questions, disagreements, or comments may result. You should not feel compelled to defend the points or their wording. Merely explain that the points are the statements of conviction of the writers of the article. The purpose of the listing is to stimulate thinking and to help each person to formulate his own convictions.

At this point it might be well to have the pastor or other competent Bible student read and comment briefly on

(Continued on page 28)

bigger as our children grew older. He was right, but there's another side to the coin. Our joy in sharing their enlarging world more than made up for the growing pains. The mischievous youngsters grew up to be admired by others as "graceful, charming" young people. The undependable, exasperating behavior eventually modulated into maturity. The night that a man caught our son, accompanied by a gang of boys, ringing his doorbell was forgotten a few years later when our boy stood in the church pulpit on Student Recognition Sunday and told why he wanted to be a minister.

"ABSORBENT—TOUGH." Is a contradictory label, but true. Youngsters imitate their parents in some things, yet they can be so irritatingly independent.

Our children do not really belong to us. They are separate personalities. They respond to our

guidance and absorb much from us, but we can't force them into a mold of our own choosing. We can only provide the environment.

We worry about doing the wrong thing; but children are quick to forgive. If we continue loving them and admit our mistakes to them as quickly as we point out theirs, and if we laugh at ourselves more often than we laugh at them, they grow up without bearing grudges. Most children on leaving home write back after a few weeks, "Now that I am away, I realize what a wonderful home I have had." That is the high reward of being parents.

It's fun to be a parent! Really it is. Of course, your offspring are fragile and must be handled with care. But don't smother them with care. Enjoy your children each day. Enjoy being parents together. Let your motto be, "HANDLE WITH LOVE AND LAUGHTER."

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the completed pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Our largest state -----	47 89 64 5 32
B Vegetable that causes tears -----	26 108 17 74 22
C A slight coloring, or tinge -----	102 67 114 35
D Doubles -----	85 4 77 28 15
E Walking stick -----	57 113 105 31
F Found on the end of a pin -----	96 12 56 43 66
G Kind of a race on water --	33 75 65 59
H To linger or tarry while expecting something -----	27 42 115 51
I Dimes, quarters, dollars, etc. -----	103 68 80 40 6
J Mom's relation to Dad -----	37 24 73 100
K Excuse -----	72 119 21 90 45
L Hard to bend -----	112 92 14 71 10
M Took with bait, as fish --	88 36 98 107 60 1
N Kind of cloth made from sheeps' hair -----	82 11 70 44 3 87
O Handy tool for getting rid of snow -----	39 23 81 62 58 76
P Low-backed couch -----	13 7 91 69 18 61

Q There are 168 of these in a week -----	94 52 34 110 50
R An old hut or shack -----	78 2 9 83 20 30
S Gas container in a car ---	93 104 116 79
T Number of players on a side in basketball -----	8 106 55 40
U "Mickey" of television ---	41 86 118 25 63
V Kind of ice you should not try to skate on -----	120 19 38 101
W Highway -----	16 109 84 54
X Gardens like Adam and Eve's -----	95 99 29 49 117
Y Elephants have big ones --	111 53 97 46

(Solution on page 30)



by Marilyn Lane



One Man's

One radio program has now been on the air for a quarter of a century and has won thirty-two major awards. A five-night-a-week serial, it is the story of a typical and thoroughly wholesome American family, busy with marriages, births, adoptions, deaths, and the everyday vicissitudes of life. The program is "One Man's Family," and it is the oldest of radio's network dramatic shows.

"One Man's Family" was the first family program on the air. Written on the personal philosophy of one day at a time, the show should have run out of material or its creators should have wearied of the program long ago. But the creator of the family believes that the show owes its longevity to this day-to-day principle.

Its creators include the cast, as well as the script writers. It is in this fact that the secret of the untiring freshness and spontaneity of the adventures may be found. The members of the cast live the parts. For twenty-five years, the same man, J. Anthony Smythe, has been Father Barbour to his vast listening audience. By his side through the years has been Minetta Ellen. Millions have laughed and cried with her as she portrayed Mother Barbour.

Two of the cast are still playing their original roles as the Barbour children. Bernice Berwin is Hazel. "Her thinking and her doing have added greatly to the meaning of personal and family

integrity," Father Barbour said of her once. Page Gilman has grown up in his career as Jack. It began when he was only nine years old. Today on the air, Jack is the father of six daughters, three of whom are triplets. Michael Raffetto, one of the show's writers, used to have the role of Paul, the eldest of the Barbour children.

Being a radio family has woven the strong ties of a real family among the cast. These old timers have in some ways become the Barbours they portray.

It is perhaps nearer the truth to say that they have made the Barbours what they are. The story comes out of character—their characters, for the scripts are written to fit the cast. They help the script writers not only by what they are, but by what they sometimes suggest.

Minetta Ellen's cooking is an example. Mother Barbour is famous on the radio for her lemon tarts. They had their beginning years ago when Minetta Ellen brought tarts to a rehearsal for the show one day. The tarts made such a hit with the cast that they were soon written into the script.

The participation of the cast in the show is not always so pleasant. Until his tragic and untimely death one Christmas Eve, Barton Yarborough, one of the original family clan, played the part of Cliff. The news was quite a shock to the family. They were so

attached to Bart that they refused to let the part be recast.

The writers faced a dilemma. They couldn't write him out of the script because Cliff was a principal character in the plot. The only answer was to send him away. Cliff now resides in Scotland, where he is happily married. The Barbours read the letters from Cliff and his wife periodically on the show.

Joy Ware, the daughter of one of the script-writers, has contributed unwittingly to the program more than once. She sometimes tunes in on an episode only to discover that Margaret Barbour is reenacting an adventure out of her high school experiences.

Joy's high school crushes have added a chapter to the life of the family from time to time. "You've earned your dinner," her father remarked one night at the table when she confessed her recent crush on a high school senior. She did not have to wait long before Margaret had her crush on a high school senior over the air.

Later on, Joy got the lead in the senior class play. Before long Margaret, too, was busy with rehearsals. She also got the lead in the senior class play.

The aim of radio serials has always been to leave the listener in suspense without the bromidic appeal of the sponsor to "tune in tomorrow." The dialogue of the program "must be relied upon to conjure up a mental picture of

Still going strong after being on radio for
twenty-five years.

Family

what is supposed to be happening." The characters must stir the listening audience to sympathy, hatred, tears, laughter. "The program must be so handled that by the sense of hearing alone the radio listener can follow the plot and share the human emotions intended to be portrayed."

"One Man's Family" has always adhered to this aim. It has been given first awards as best among radio dramatic serials year after year. But the really important award that the family and the show have received has been the satisfaction that the story encourages even a few families toward a more profitable family life.

When Mayor Elmer E. Robinson, of San Francisco, called the fictitious Barbours a typical American family, he felt that the family unit was the strongest bulwark against the forces of evil. In a celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of the program, the mayor proclaimed the week of April 29 through May 6 "San Francisco Family Week." He urged the townspeople to recognize the importance of this fictional family. "It's become a part of our traditions and our daily existence," said Mayor Robinson.

The creator of the family, Carlton Morse, feels that this country needs more of the family tradition exemplified by the Barbours. He says, "This parent-child relationship is based on family integrity, built on a foundation of mutual

love and mutual respect, and is so devised to develop in each succeeding generation honorable, self-respecting men and women and noble citizens."

In one sense "One Man's Family" is the simple story of a single family, living at 264 Seaclyff Drive, San Francisco. In a larger sense, however, "what belongs to the Barbours belongs to every American family." The Barbours are idealized, representing the real moral fiber of the nation. Each Barbour portrays one of the many typical American personalities. This cross section of American life is built around a philosophy that has made it a saga of the ideal family unit.

A strict moral sense governs the drama. Vulgarity is never used in the script. In 1949, the program was given a citation from the Intercouncil Committee on Christian Family for the following qualities: "'One Man's Family' is true to life; there is a genuine respect for individuals in the family; marriage and sex are treated with reverence; religion is presented naturally and helpfully; and the humor is at all times wholesome." The program has no religious affiliation. The Barbours attend church service, however, and do sincerely represent a family with a deep reverence for God and the Bible.

The program stands for common sense. It exemplifies caution, family cohesion, and loyalty. The

public has shown its faith in this family cohesion by its response to the show. Each year the script writers receive thousands of letters asking advice on personal problems.

In 1949, while the radio show lacked sponsorship temporarily, approximately 70,000 letters came into the office with several thousand dollars included. The money was returned, but it made the sponsors and creators of the family realize how they had captivated the public. When Miles Laboratories offered *This I Give* to the radio audience in 1953, they received 255,000 requests for the booklet, ten per cent more than they had received for a similar booklet the year before. Birth, death, crisis, or any high point in the life of the Barbours causes mail to pour into NBC.

"One Man's Family" might never have begun at all if a farm boy from Oregon had been willing to follow the profession of his father. Instead he packed his bag and ideas, and headed for California. This farm boy was Carlton E. Morse, who created the program. The family took many years of varied experience before it took shape. Preparation had to be made.

After three years of working his way through the University of California, Morse took a reporter's job on the *Sacramento Union*. This led to better jobs on Portland, Seattle, and San Francisco newspapers. The newspaper business proved profitable.

In 1931, Morse met Patricia Pattison DeBall. She, too, was a journalist. After their marriage, he reviewed books and ran a human interest column, "The Sidewalks of San Francisco," in the local paper. He turned his talent from the printing press and began dramatizing for radio. He wrote the first of his mystery serials and rewrote classic mythology into modern slang.

Then one day came the idea for a new radio program. It was the sort of thing that had never been done before. Morse claims he got the idea for the family from

(Continued on page 30)

● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

Matthew 18:1-6, 10-14 and Matthew 6:34. In one passage Jesus stresses the importance of the child and our responsibility for him. In the other he speaks on excessive anxiety.

If your group has more than 15 present, divide into groups of 5 or 6, with both younger and older parents in each group, to spend 15 or 20 minutes in sharing with one another in one or more of these conversation topics:

1. Think back to your own childhood and the times that your parents played with you. What did it mean to you?
2. What were the most enjoyable times that you had with your parents? Are you providing similar experiences for your children?
3. How do you find time to play with the children? How do you get started? What games or crafts are most interesting to all ages?
(Note: There is danger here that the discussion will dissolve into one on methods of family recreation only.)
4. Have you found your problems getting bigger as your children grow older? Are your satisfactions getting deeper, also?

One of the best ways to help lift morale is to make it possible for the parents to realize that their problems are not unique and that older and successful parents were just as perplexed as younger parents are now. In the small groups there will be much freedom of discussion and sharing between the experienced and the inexperienced.

Conclude the program with one or two grandparents or other parents with many years of experience speaking briefly on some such topic as "What I Have Learned from Being a Parent." These testimonies should give pointers to young Christian parents that will help them to enjoy parenthood.

● Ears, the Unhappy Puppy

(Continued from page 21)

afraid that people would say, "No, I guess I don't want to see this puppy, after all. His ears are too long." But Tommy didn't say that. He didn't say it at all! He just rubbed the puppy's head and kept whispering, "Don't be afraid, little doggie. Don't be afraid." Ears liked to hear Tommy say that, and he stopped shaking just a little bit.

At last Mr. Martin said, "Well, Tommy, put that puppy down and choose one of these." When Ears heard that, he felt very, very sad again. But not for long, because Tommy said something that made him feel good inside. Tommy said, "But Daddy, I want this one. The one I have here in my arms." He gave Ears a tight little squeeze.

Mr. Martin said, "You don't want an

unhappy puppy, Tommy. This one is too sad!"

But Tommy smiled and said, "No, Daddy, he isn't unhappy. Look at him!"

Daddy looked. Sure enough. . . . Ears was so happy and excited he was wiggling all over. He even opened his little mouth because he was breathing so hard; and when he did that, he looked just exactly as though he were smiling. His long ears were swinging in the wind, and blowing back and forth in front of his mouth. Tommy laughed and said, "Look at his cute ears, Daddy. See how they swing in the wind!"

All at once Ears was glad he had long ears because they made Tommy sound happy.

Ears went home and lived with Tommy and Mr. and Mrs. Martin. They all liked Ears very much, and so did everyone who saw him. They liked him because his floppy ears made them laugh. Ears didn't mind the laughter now, because he learned that when people laugh they are happy. And everyone who saw him was happy.

But Ears was the happiest of all!

● Minister's Wife

(Continued from page 7)

She slipped her hand into Gordon's. "No matter what," she said earnestly, "you've done a wonderful work here. If there's been any failure . . . it's mine."

He eyed her oddly, but his hand tightened on hers reassuringly.

There was a good turnout. The women were examining, touching, eyes bright and observing. Immediately, Claire found Jean and went to her.

"Lovely, my dear," she said warmly. "We'll all be seeking you out for interior decoration."

Jean smiled, but there was something in her eyes that wasn't entirely happiness. Something veiled the pleasure that she should have felt in a job well done.

Claire watched the women, heard their pleased murmurs, but few went directly to Jean. She was puzzled, until she saw Mrs. Crosby standing in the door. Now, she thought, she'll let them all know how she had to help Jean. . . .

She heard Mrs. Wingard say, "Red is real pretty for the chairs. But then she added uncertainly, "Perhaps a little bright, though. . . ." Everyone knew that Mrs. Crosby had wanted cream-colored chairs.

Across the room Claire discovered Mrs. Allen, saw two flags of color spot her cheeks, and knew that angry words were rising to her lips.

Claire closed her eyes and prayed for a miracle. Suddenly, someone's throat cleared sharply, and determined feet tapped across the floor.

"Has everyone noticed the curtains?" said a crisp voice, and Claire's hands clenched at her side.

"Everyone should know that Jean designed them and made them. I for one

think she is a very clever young woman."

Claire's eyes opened wide. She saw Mrs. Crosby's hand extended. Her voice was hearty. "Congratulations, my dear. I hope you will let this church benefit frequently from your fine talent."

Claire saw words form on Jean's lips, but in the excited stir of people and voices they were lost. She saw Mrs. Crosby lean over and whisper into Jean's ear, and whatever it was lifted the clouding veil from the girl's eyes. Her eyes became amazingly happy.

But young Mrs. Wheaton's face had not changed so much as Mrs. Crosby's. Claire thought she had never seen such a glow of pride and humility before.

"This was a truly wonderful day," Gordon Carter said that night as they ate dinner.

Claire agreed.

● With the Fruit of Her Hands

(Continued from page 15)

the evening fellowship groups," she states.

Each child knew the importance of work and of sharing responsibility. "I never hired a baby sitter in my life or had any help at home," Chris relates. "Even Emery, the youngest, could be left alone at six years of age. None of them were ever afraid. I taught them how to build fires when they were very small, so that they would never be alone in a cold house, and they learned early to handle matches with care. Phyllis began to baby sit when she was ten, yet now I hear of mothers who hire sitters for their children of that age. The boys mowed lawns, peddled papers and magazines, and did gardening and janitor work.

"To apportion the work at home, we had an honor system. Each had certain duties, such as hanging up clothes and wraps, making beds, doing the dishes, cleaning shoes, brushing teeth, dusting, etc. At the end of the week they were rewarded with pennies or penalized according to performance. I always had the complete confidence of my children, and they never resented my authority in guiding them. I can truly say I never had any discipline problems. My children were and still are my best companions," she concludes.

Many of Chris's jobs were in the fix-it classification. From clerking in the domestics department of a store, she moved to alterations for a women's dress shop, tailor's assistant, dry cleaning helper, and seamstress. In the evenings she catered for large dinners and wedding receptions, besides doing all her own housework. During the summers Chris cooked prodigious amounts of food for campers at church retreats in the rugged Sawtooth Mountains.

When a friend mentioned that a

(Continued on page 30)



Family Counselor

OUR FOUR-YEAR-OLD son is an intense boy and old for his age. He is very interested in Jesus. In his church school he has heard about the death of Jesus and has also seen pictures of Jesus on the cross. I'm afraid that in trying to explain that Jesus lives in our hearts we have only caused more confusion about the fact that Jesus is dead. His grandfather died, so he knows that he is in heaven with God. Not too many nights ago he became very upset in thinking about Jesus being dead and cried for some time. He wanted him "to be alive." He wants to be able to see him as a person. I have tried to explain and have prayed for guidance but so far have not been able to give him answers that satisfy him. My husband, who has a service station, is home very seldom when these questions are put forth and I hesitate to bring up the subject when he has forgotten it.

You are wise in not bringing up these speculative questions when your son is not concerned about them. In fact, it would be well to stress with your son simple stories about the life of Jesus, rather than those about his death and resurrection. After all, these latter are pretty "strong meat" for four-year-olds.

Let me suggest, too, that you secure from your church the church-school material for kindergarten children at Easter, and note the suggestions given there for the use of the Easter story with four- and five-year-olds.

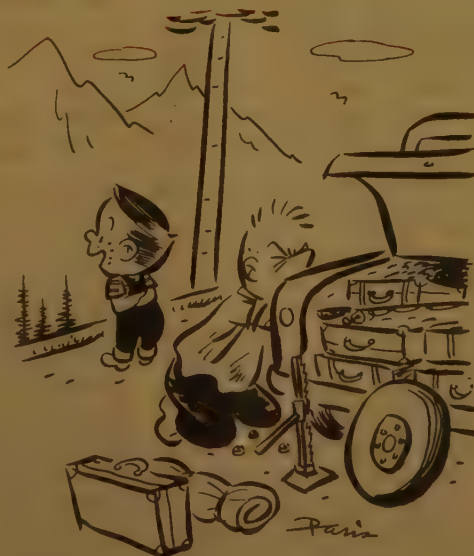
Donald M. Maynard

IT IS WELL to remember that we cannot expect four-year-olds to have a clear understanding of what is meant by "Jesus living in our hearts," or by the emphasis that "Jesus is still alive even though we cannot see him." It is inevitable that they should be puzzled by our explanations, and that, literal-minded as they are, they should ask questions that we are unable to answer satisfactorily.

This does not mean, however, that our explanations have no value whatsoever. Sometimes they help children get a general impression that there is in each person a "wonder part" or "spirit" that never dies, as well as a "body house" that sometime will die. Remember, however, that this is a very generalized impression, the details of which are not clear to them. Hence, their questions.

Far more important than the words we use in trying to answer our children's questions is the "feeling-tone" that we convey in our answers. Children may not understand clearly our answers, but they can sense the feeling that Mother or Dad believes that Jesus is alive, for example. Do not be too disturbed, therefore, when you fail to give what seems to be adequate answers to your son's questions, but try to help him realize that even though you may not know all the answers, you really feel that Jesus is alive.

WILBUR



"Pop, you couldn't have picked a prettier place!"

● Common-Sense Therapy for Parents

(Continued from page 9)

to see his father play more rough games with him. You should both go out with him occasionally when his little brother stays at home. Try not to expect too much of him. Build up his self-confidence."

The next day, after Roddy's check-up, the doctor took from his desk a little fuzzy feather and handed it to me. "Here's something for your hat," he grinned.

Roddy looked on with boyish curiosity.

"Why, thank you, Doctor," I stammered, fighting back grateful tears.

"Say, if I had that for my cap, I bet I'd make a home run tomorrow," Roddy said.

He didn't need the feather to make him happy, but outside of the doctor's office I gave Roddy the coveted reward. I thought he deserved some recognition for bringing our family closer together, and for teaching us the merits of common-sense therapy.

● With the Fruit of Her Hands

(Continued from page 28)

harness shop needed a woman to wait on customers at \$20 a week in wages, Chris rushed to apply. "Since the saddlemaker was so busy, he taught me how to make chaps, bridles, spur straps, canvas dams and tents, and let me try my hand at tooling. Soon I was working in the leather entirely."

During the latter part of World War II the offer of a post as desk clerk at the Park Hotel promised better pay. To keep her hands and mind occupied during slack hours, Chris bought a scrap of leather and began to experiment with leather carving. Designing a shopping bag with leather insets elaborately carved, she compromised with scarcity and ingenuity. Lacking the proper carving tools, she borrowed her children's wood-burning kit to trace western motifs—pine cones, cactus blossoms, deer. Unable to buy dyes because of wartime shortages, she tried colored inks.

Salesmen who stopped at the hotel asked if they might add her purses to their sample lines. Soon orders began to sift through the mails. Working the swing shift steadily, Chris struggled to cope with the growing demand. Finally, she rented a room above a local movie house, bought a heavy-duty machine, and began a rigorous schedule. Coming off the hotel job at eight in the morning, she slept until noon, hurried through the household tasks, and then rushed to her shop to work until midnight.

As county fair and rodeo time rolled around, she was kept busy sewing the rips made in cowboys' chaps by enraged steers and mending torn jackets. When a Montana merchant surprised

her with an order of 200 beaded jackets, she went into full-time business on a shoestring investment. "I managed to borrow \$150 from a banker friend by renewing the note every thirty days and paying the interest," Chris explains.

Since then Chris has made four moves, each into larger quarters. Now she produces more than three thousand jackets a year, as well as handling belts, chaps, skirts, shirts, purses, and cowboy outfits for the small fry. Not only has Chris succeeded in making a future for herself, but she has encouraged home industry by providing jobs for many housewives who cannot be away from home. Most of the beading and the cutting of fringe is done by pieceworkers. Truly, "she reaches out her hands to the needy." (Proverbs 31:20.)

Not only has Chris prospered in business beyond her most ambitious dreams, but she has experienced even greater rewards in the lives of her children. Max, her eldest, who is a graduate of Denver University, acts as her bookkeeper and covers six states in the Northwest as a salesman. Blaine is a mechanical engineering student at the University of Colorado and has served a three-year period in the Army. Emery, the youngest, is studying mechanical engineering at the University of Washington. The only girl, Phyllis, attended business college. She is now married to Harold Gerber, a rising young architect in Twin Falls, Idaho.

Despite her success, Chris is always ready to listen to the needs of others and turns a receptive ear toward welfare projects that would benefit the handicapped or the needy of her community and of the world. She believes to the utmost that growth in mind, in activity, and in charity is the only healthy state of being.

Whether it be in sewing leather or in raising a family, of her it can be said, "Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates." (Proverbs 31:31.)

● One Man's Family

(Continued from page 27)

reading *Forsythe Saga*. The radio master from the very first showed a genius for characterization. His characters were real. Their drama was not just another script to him. Morse's initial scripts for NBC in San Francisco made an immediate hit. He kept on writing. The program that he wrote supposedly for an eight weeks' run as a sustaining filler, in April, 1932, gave little hint that it would live to become the oldest dramatic show on radio.

Morse began with a family of seven. Today it includes a cast of dozens, and the time came when one man and one typewriter could not handle it. "One Man's Family" now has two more creators, Harlan Ware and Michael Raffetto. Story conferences are scheduled

periodically to plot out the big ideas for the show in advance. Then Ware and Raffetto each write a six weeks' block of the script. Ware complains that sometimes it is quite confusing, in that someone forgets to include such holidays as Easter in an episode. Who thinks of Easter if he is writing in the dead of winter?

Ware turns out the equivalent of four novels a year in writing his scripts. Each six weeks is considered a book with a daily episode a chapter from that book. Michael Raffetto writes for the other six weeks' period, putting all the Paul and Joan scenes in his block of the show.

Now history is repeating itself—the history of the family anyway. The family reached a viewing audience in November, 1949. It was never intended that the television version should replace the radio show, but rather supplement it. The TV program began at the earliest starting point in the Barbour family life, and there was a twenty-three year lapse in the story development between the two shows. The studio has received letters from many people who say they have enjoyed "catching up" on the early part of the Barbour family history from the TV program. One show enhances their pleasure in the other.

For the future? Only Morse can say. The Barbours will live with the rest of the nation. If America goes to the moon, maybe even Father Barbour isn't too old to ride a space ship, with some coaching. Morse states, "Fortunately, I didn't get started on a plot. The family was just a series of characterizations, small situations, and incidents. That's what life is in the ideal American family." The show is probably destined to live as long as that family survives.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but a wise man listens to advice. The vexation of a fool is known at once, but the prudent man ignores an insult."—Proverbs 12:15-16.

The Words

A Texas	M Caught
B Onion	N Woolen
C Tint	O Shovel
D Twins	P Lounge
E Cane	Q Hours
F Point	R Shanty
G Boat	S Tank
H Wait	T Five
I Money	U Mouse
J Wife	V Thin
K Alibi	W Road
L Stiff	X Edens

Y Ears



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Adults

Practically alone in its field is **Husbands and Pregnancy**, by William H. Genné (Association Press, N. Y., 1956. 127 pages. \$2). Much has been written for the expectant mother, preparing her for this greatest experience of her life; but, as usual, the expectant father has been rather neglected. At the most, help for him has been provided only in footnotes and appendices. Here, however, is a book aimed directly at him, written from the man's point of view, and giving valuable guidance for this which perhaps is the most puzzling experience of his life. This book of advice for the new A.E.F. (army of expectant fathers) covers everything from the time he learns that he is expectant to the first few months with the new baby at home. Hints about the years to come and their problems are also offered. Here is a good book to help make the first pregnancy a more happy experience for everybody.

For Youth

River Duel, by Adrien Stoutenburg (Westminster Press, Phila., 1956. 188 pages. \$2.75), centers its excitement around skin diving and fishing for giant catfish. All of the thrills, however, are not

limited to catching one of the finny tribe. The capture of a man also becomes involved. All wrapped up in the same package of complications are Brig and Rudy, two fishing pals, Polly Hagan a "girl fisherman" with her two deer hounds, a "ha'nt or two," and a mysterious stranger. Skin diving for catfish may not be so dangerous as skin diving for sharks, but it has its moments; and high schoolers will enjoy all of them.

* * *

Western stories still appeal to young people, and **Arizona Cutting Horse**, by John Richard Young (Westminster Press, Phila., 1956. 208 pages. \$2.75), is no exception. Young Don Revere's father owns a ranch, where Arabian horses are raised for show, not work purposes. Young Don tries to change this setup, and runs into all sorts of troubles, provided by a city tough boy, professional rodeo performers, and the rugged Arizona scene. It all adds up to an exciting summer for Don, his horse Raffy, and Bill, the city tough. It also makes good reading for a rainy day.

* * *

"Off the beam, on the beam" is the theme of **Off the Beam**, by James L. Summers (Westminster Press, Phila., 1956. 219 pages. \$2.75). Arnold Thomson, a 16-year-old, is just a less-than-ordinary youngster, he thinks. So he tries to assert himself by getting involved with a gang which has no real wrong intent, but whose activities get them in "dutch" with authorities. Here is a story of

growing up through those puzzling adolescent years that reveals real knowledge of the age. No adventurous heroics will be found here, but an interesting story set in the everyday, familiar scene. Naturally, the boys finally get on the beam at the end.

For Children

A book for children from three to six that is bold in color and different in design is **I Know a Lot of Things**, by Ann and Paul Rand (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1956, unpagged, \$2.75). The authors are well-known in the field of modern design, and they created this book for their own young daughter. It lists, with a minimum of text and the aid of full-page pictures, some of the things that young children know, and ends with the thought that as they grow older they will know more. Some of the words used seem, to this reviewer, unchildlike. Nevertheless, the bold colors and modern illustrations probably will appeal to many children.

* * *

Littlest Ones, edited and illustrated by Pelagie Doane (Oxford University Press, 1956, unpagged, \$1.75), is a book of poems for children, ages four to eight. While many of the poems are delightful, some of them will be difficult for children of these ages to appreciate. The illustrations are lovely.

Over the back fence

● The Home Is Part of the Curriculum

It has been several decades since Christian educators began insisting on the importance of the home in the teaching of Christian faith. In the years since, evidence has been accumulating to support this contention. Indeed, the evidence seems to add up to a conviction that the home is primarily more basic to the curriculum than is the church or church school.

The home has the first chance at the child. Unless the right foundations are laid by the home in the first three years of a child's life, Christian education cannot make its greatest contribution to his growing faith. Faith can never be native to the experience of the person who did not obtain it in a Christian home during his early years. Such a person is forever a handicapped Christian.

Moreover, the home has the child more hours per week than does the church and church school. In its informal setting, when life is most impressionable, the home makes its impact through frequent and repeated occasions. What is taught by precept in class becomes living experience in the home that accepts its place in the curriculum.

Hearthstone is published to provide printed materials which will help the home become a more effective part of the curriculum. In it informal help is provided to parents in meeting the problems of family living from a definitely Christian viewpoint. Although it has no direct, formal tie-up with the curriculum of the church school, it supports the philosophy and approach of that curriculum, since the same editors guide the production of both.

Churches generally have not yet grasped the importance of the home as part of the curriculum.

They have not yet seen the significance of providing the home with printed curriculum materials just as they provide class members in church schools with printed curriculum. As a result the Christian education program is not so effective as it might be.

Parents are involved in this. They can help church officials awaken to the fact that the home is a real part of the curriculum of Christian education. They can insist that materials, particularly *Hearthstone*, be given to the home for accomplishing its share in the total program.

● 15,000 Scholarships Go Begging

Do you have a prospective college student in your house? Is there some question about the financial aspect? Then here is a bit of good news that bears looking into.

Every year there are some 15,000 college scholarships that are unclaimed and unused, it was reported in the December, 1956, issue of *The Career News*. It would certainly be advisable for any person interested in going to college to discover what requirements must be met to secure these scholarships. They were meant to be used. It is unfortunate if some young person is prevented from going to college because of financial reasons, when some help might be had from these scholarships.

So write to the colleges in which you are interested. They will probably be able to give you further leads to follow even if they do not have the scholarship you seek.

● They Choose Marriage

A recent survey of college women revealed that 9 out of 10 preferred marriage to a career. Even those who felt that they must work chose "mother-type" occupations rather than business or industrial jobs.

Closely related to this discovery is the fact that college trained parents are having larger families than was customary in years past.

These facts are important indications of the higher status of home and family life today.

mae.dunell

Poetry Page



Neighbor

The gate was never closed; there was a path.

"Come over," she'd call across the hedge to me.

"You do your mending while I iron a bit,

And afterwhile we'll have a cup of tea."

And in a winter when my need was sore,

She'd press my hand in understanding way.

I'd find within my palm a crumpled bill,

Although her own shelves might be bare that day.

I did her washing when she broke her arm.

She held my dying child and dried my tears.

I took her kiddies' cookies when I baked,

And thus our hearts were knit, down through the
years.

Today the gate is closed. My neighbor dwells

Within the Father's house. Lord, could there be

Two mansions, side by side, a well-worn path,

An unlatched gate, throughout eternity?

— Jenny Maxwell



8:30 A.M.

The husbands and the children leave,

Once more relentless time is beaten;

And wives and mothers nibble, cold,

Whatever still is left uneaten!

— Ina S. Stovall

Choir Boys



The choir boys walk in black and white

Yet each walks in a special light,

As if the Lord himself looked down

And set on each young head a crown.

Perhaps the sun is coming through

The windows on them, two by two,

But as they sing their songs of praise

Halos are burning in bright rays

On little boys who look toward heaven—

Or else on angels, just turned seven.

— Anobel Armour

The Hitch



Occasions when my working day

Affects me like a blight,

I brighten if my wife is gay

When I come home at night.

And, on the other hand, when she

Has had a trying day

And things have gone O.K. with me,

I chase her gloom away.

We help to keep each other glad;

But this, of course, is true:

At times my day at work is bad

And hers at home is, too.

— Richard Wheeler

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